THE BYSTANDER
Vol. CXXIII.—No. 1602

AUGUST 28, 1934

[Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper

The BYSTANDER

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1/=

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FRANCE—*continued.*

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CONTINENTAL HOTELS—*continued.*

GERMANY—*continued.*

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The Bystander, August 28, 1934

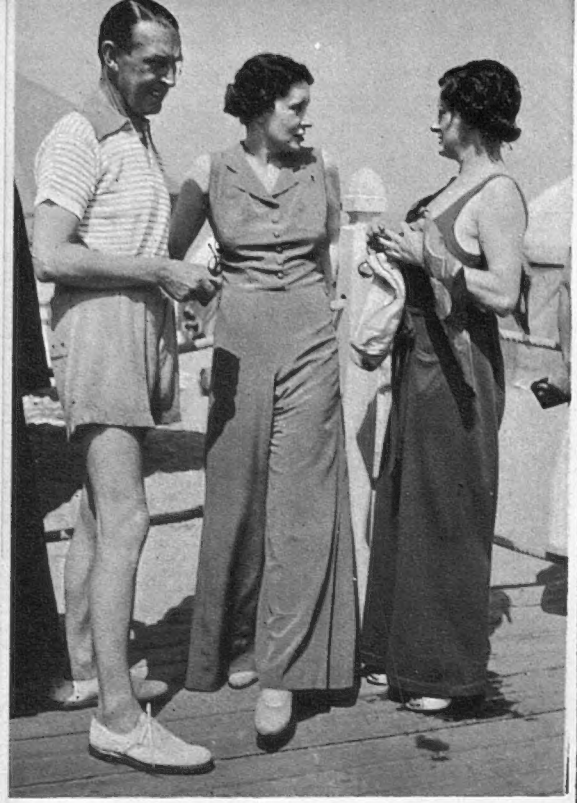
No. 1602. Vol. CXXIII.

The BYSTANDER

Houston Rogers

CLAIRE LUCE

A new camera study of the attractive Claire Luce, who is at present appearing with Seymour Hicks in "Vintage Wine," at Daly's. She plays the part of the young wife whom Seymour Hicks, as the incorrigibly young grandfather, chooses to marry. Claire Luce came over to England about a year ago to appear with Fred Astaire in "Gay Divorce." She 's a great acquisition to the London stage, and the longer she stays this side of the Atlantic the better for us



Deauville Contingent

Dr. Bulkeley Gavin and his monocle, Thelma, Lady Furness in cornflower blue, and Mrs. Julie Thompson on Les Planches. They were all staying at Lady Furness's villa

Below: Captain Dudley Norton, who was playing polo at Deauville, Mr. and Mrs. John Musker, and Miss Dreda Burrell, Sir Meyrick Burrell's daughter, at the races. The Muskers were staying on her father's yacht out there

On a Mo

Lord Eltisley, Lord Jellicoe, Lady Forteviot, La They were staying with Sir Charles Cayzer season. Lord Eltisley was Sir Douglas Newton; M

International

England, Scotland, Ireland

Shorncliffe, Winners of the Philippi Cup

Mr. Noel H. Docker, Captain R. L. Agnew, Mr. Nigel Courage, and Major N. W. Leaf, the Shorncliffe team who beat Eastleigh by eight goals to five in the finals of the Philippi Cup tournament at the West Somerset Polo Club

At Monte Carlo

Captain and Mrs. Hugh Leveson-Gower are two of the young marrieds who've been staying at the New Beach Hotel, Monte Carlo. She was Princess Imeretinsky

in Forfarshire

Eltisley, and Lord Forteviot out on the Kinpurnie Moors. Kinpurnie Castle for the second week of the grouse-shooting for Cambridge since 1922; he received his peerage this year

The Duke of Gloucester in Yorkshire

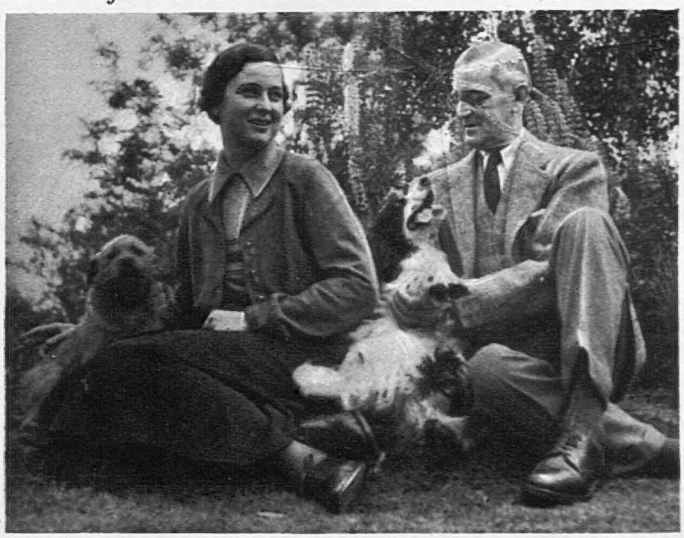
Above: the Duke of Gloucester walking with Captain Arthur Pilkington from the Broadhead moors. He was staying with Sir Arthur Pilkington at Chevet Park, Wakefield, and shooting with his Equerry, Captain Teddy Brook

Right: the American Ambassador, Mr. R. W. Bingham, with Miss Henrietta Bingham in the garden of the house she has taken at Sunningdale

Below: Lady Antrim and the Rt. Hon. Mr. Justice MacNaughten at the Fireside Arts and Crafts Society's show at Portrush. Lady Antrim, who opened the exhibition, was Miss Angela Sykes before her marriage to the Earl of Antrim this summer

Roundabout

and France, North and South



The American Ambassador and His Daughter

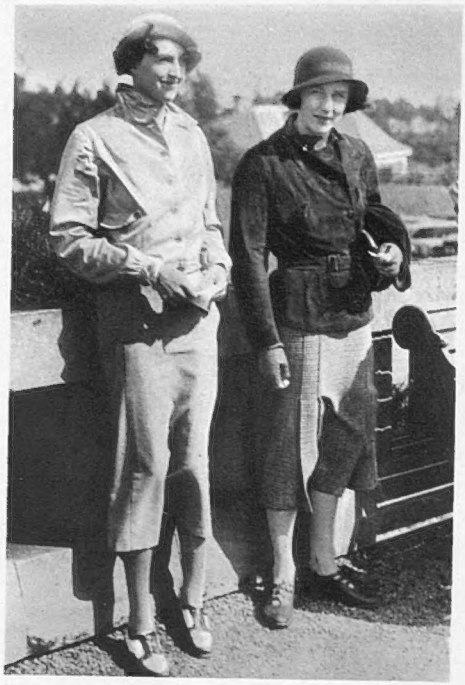
On the Beaulieu River

Mr. Pitt-Rivers and Lady Claud Hamilton at Buckler's Hard, Beaulieu. Lady Claud Hamilton is the wife of the Duke of Abercorn's younger son

An Irish Peeress and Irish Art

Highland Gathering

Golf and Tennis at the Gleneagles Hotel



Mrs. Ralph Cobbold (Veronica Christie-Miller that was) and Lady Knollys have been playing golf on the Gleneagles course. Lady Knollys father, Sir Stuart Coats, owns Bathallie, in Perthshire

Miss Faudell-Philips and Lady Doreen and Lady Anne Hope, two of the Linlithgow girls, have put in some August days playing Gleneagles golf and tennis

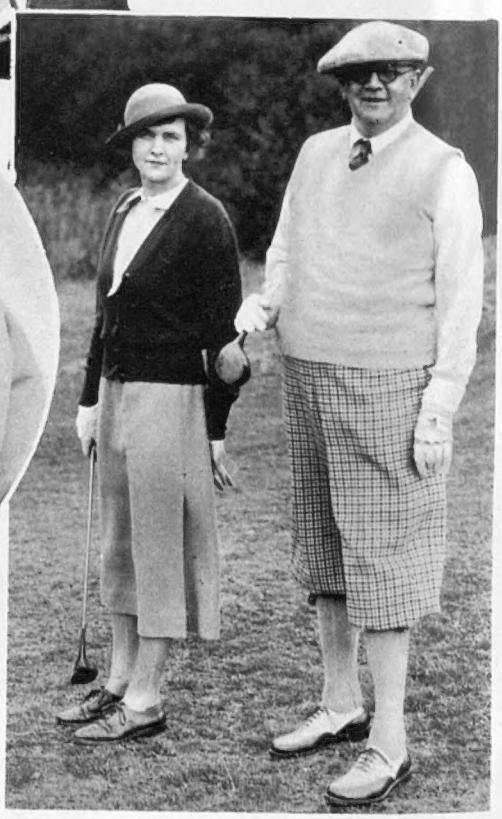
Above: Lady Zia Wernher is in Scotland, and so is her fourteen-year-old son, Michael, who also plays golf

Left: Mr. J. Shackell, Miss Jean Anderson, and Mr. Baillieu, walking up the fairway of the first hole

Miss Diana Hordern and Miss I. Anderson walking up from the tennis court. Miss Hordern and her sister have also been at North Berwick

Above: Sir Mathew Wilson and the Hon. Esmé Glyn, Lord Wolverton's sister, had their wet-weather waterproof jackets on

Right: Lord Portarlington, on the other hand, looks like summer, if not Le Touquet, golf; he is playing with Lady Carew-Pole



Photos: Arthur Owen

CELEBRITIES in CAMEO

No. 65. Marie Tempest:

Potted by Charles Gay
Caricatured by Sirra

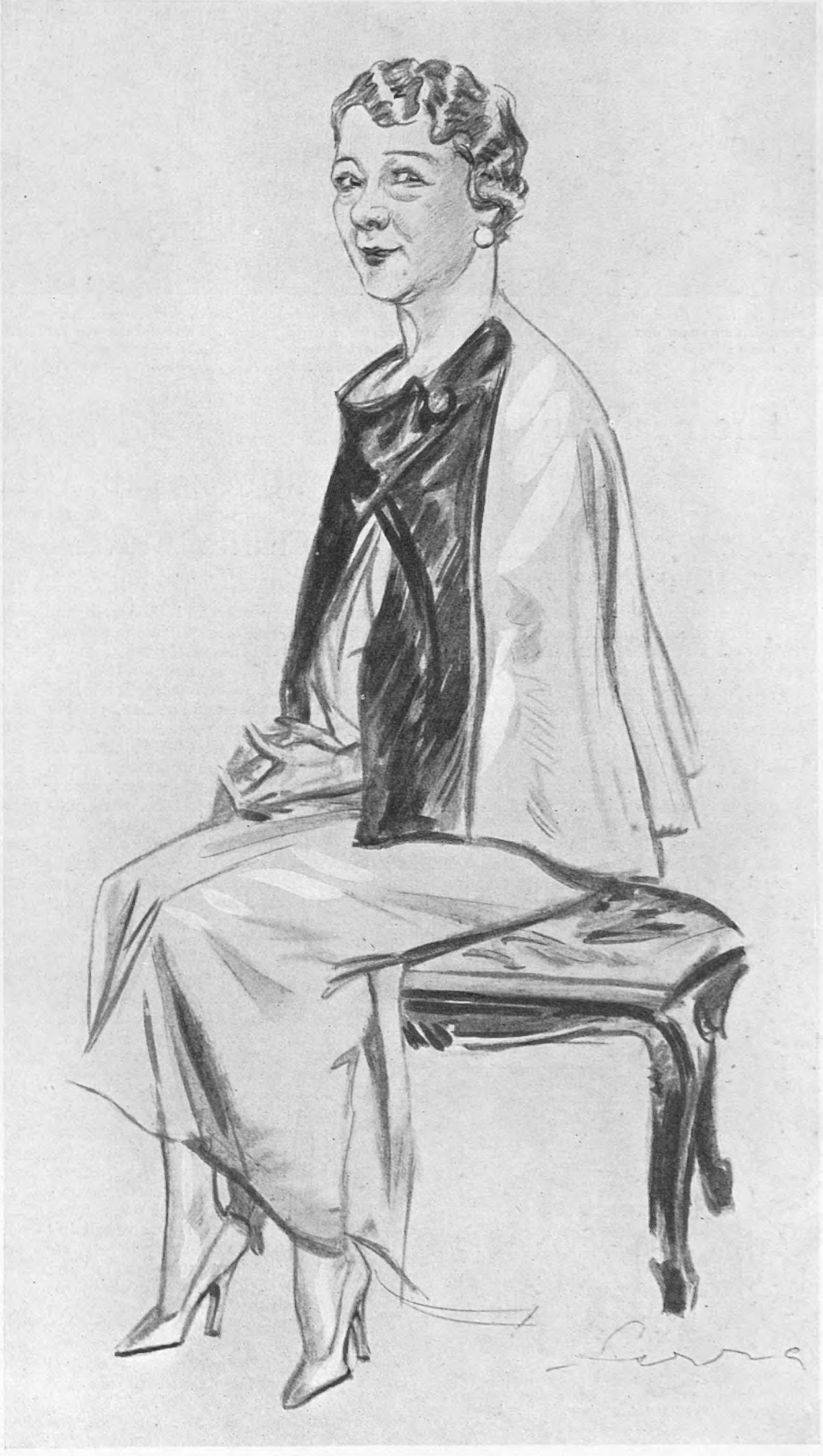
MARIE TEMPEST is a phenomenon. She was playing the lead at the Lyric last summer exactly forty-six years after playing the lead there in *Dorothy*. Indeed, the Lyric was really built for her. Next year will be her jubilee of stardom in the West-End. She has been married three times, her first husband being Alfred Izard, her second Cosmo Gordon-Lennox, and her third (and present) being Grahame Browne, whom she married in Australia in 1921.

Originally a musical-comedy star, she has played the name-part of *Carmen*, *Mignon*, *San Toy*, and *The Geisha*. Then, at the height of her fame she switched to the legitimate stage and has entranced everyone ever since. Her following is immense. Her punctuality is proverbial. Her memory is almost royal. Her observation is acute. She thinks that women are unhealthy creatures nowadays, and take too much exercise, paying too much attention to their hands and not enough to their voice.

IT was in 1932 that she first wore pyjamas—in *The Vinegar Tree*. It was less than a month ago that she became a septuagenarian. In 1914 she went on a twelve-months' tour which lasted eight years. In 1928 she refused £1000 a week to go on the pictures in Hollywood. The secret of her amazing genius is probably due to the contrast of her early upbringing—first in a Belgian convent and then in Bohemian Paris. This surely explains both her archness and her roguishness, and her gift for delighting both the men and the women of the audience.

She is fond of weeping willows, whistling errand-boys, and going to see a major operation. She is devoted to her own grandchildren and her house in Regent's Park.

They say that her best performance was as Becky Sharp, but that, like her appearance in tights in *The Red Hussar*, was before my time. The odd thing about her is that she has never been under C. B. Cochran's management, and yet they both admire each other enormously. In the theatre, Marie Tempest is a despot. At home she rests every afternoon, like all the great actors and actresses of the past. She speaks flawless French (indeed, I am told that she has French-Canadian blood in her veins, though born in London), and is a Gold Medallist at piano playing. Her real name is Marie Etherington, and her greatest gift is throwing away a line and still getting the laugh. At the age of seventy she stands out easily as our leading comedienne.



Hilda Sturm, the lovely German girl and champion swimmer and ski-er, is always easily the best thing to look at on the Roc

An American good-looker at Antibes was Betty Sundmark, one of Les Girls at Monte Carlo; rumour says she is engaged to a young Englishman

An English contribution to Riviera life this summer was Mrs. "Brownie" Hollway, who was seen in her check rompers here and there along the coast

Miss Laura Willette Muckerman, from St. Louis, and Mr. de Mun, doing a typical sunbathe on the yellow Roc mattresses

Their Native Heath . . . Popular Rendezvous and Their Patrons

No. 9.—LA GAROUPE AND ANTIBES

By Charles Graves

EVEN if you have never seen a dream walking, you ought to see Sartori, the restaurant manager of the Dorchester, in charge of his own little place in August at La Garoupe. Gone is the tailcoat and the plump white waistcoat. In its place are a yellow singlet and white flannels and beach shoes and a braided belt. Instead of the big, expensive-looking hotel in Park Lane, this is a little picnic, alfresco place, with red and pink parasols. The three waiters wear orange-coloured trousers. In place of Jack Jackson's ten-piece orchestra, there is a single violinist, and a man with a guitar.

What fun it all is. The clear, tideless, blue Mediterranean laps at your feet. Larches and olive-trees protect you from the sun. Every now and then someone shouts through a megaphone across the tiny bay: "Sartori, we are ten, and we want bouillabaisse in half an hour"; or: "Sartori, we want mostele for four." The mostele is an excellent fish, tasting like a cross between mackerel and sole. The loup is good, too. But first we tackle a huge dish of tomatoes, green and red pimentos, radishes, celery, spring onions, cucumber and lettuce, surrounding the marvellous grey sauce "du patron." In this we are following the example of the Marquis de Polignac, that natty little French nobleman whom one associates so closely with the Pommery which he is drinking at the moment.

ACROSS the water there are two yachts. One belongs to none other than George FitzGeorge, tall and dark, and at the moment absent. If we like, we can hire the yacht and live there, instead of at an hotel. The other is the Orion, which belongs to Zographos, of the Greek syndicate, and has been chartered by the Simon Markses. Yes, here they come. Oh, you should see the chain-store king in his yachting-cap! It is a marvellous sight. He looks sadder and darker and more retiring than even in his grey lacoste. His wife is in shorts, and with them are the Archie Campbells. He's wearing a grey felt hat and smoked spectacles—also worth seeing.

Not in this party, and already at lunch, is Mr. Otis, of the greying hair and the elegant gestures. He and Princess Ghika have bridge-parties here, and often win. The Princess is one of the best plafond and contract players in the South of France. It is her great amusement in life.

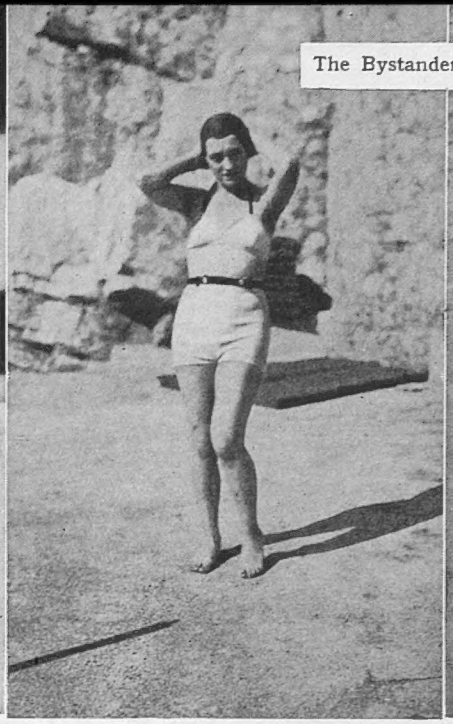
ACTUALLY, there are not many people here to-day—the mistral this morning and the gambling last night has kept people in bed much later than usual, so let's make our way over for a bathe at the Club Nautique at Eden Roc. It is only a few hundred yards away. Alas! Bernard Shaw is not here this year. Never shall I forget seeing him trying to do a high dive. Nor are Ben Finney and his Alsatian. But otherwise it is just the same, only more so. The lovely rocks, the raft, and the funny little swimming-pool, the long gravel drive up to the Cap Hotel, the cactuses and the cocktail-bar, and the orange canopy and the whole effect of the top deck of a crack Transatlantic liner.

Over there is Lady Bridget Poulett. She came South with her brother, but I have not seen him for days. There she is, pretty as a picture, behind her smoked spectacles. No doubt she is talking of her gambling in the Casino the night before. Major Goldsmith kept on telling her to back 35, and 35 kept on turning up—when she was not on it! She does not seem to want to get sun-burnt. Quite right too. It's a shame to coarsen that lovely skin. But when, I wonder, is she going to marry?

AND there is Jeff Dickson. I'll bet *he* is talking about gambling. He paid five hundred francs to be told an infallible system. You have to have a capital of 8000 francs, and you make 300 francs a day—or you are supposed to. Unfortunately, Jeff was not patient enough, so he went off and played dice

Betty Chester also has been seen in one place and another, and didn't miss out the Roc

Mrs. Edward de Winton Wills stayed in a Cannes villa with her husband; they speed-boated to Antibes for lunch



The Hon. Mrs. Edward Partington wears a light blue bathing-dress with black etceteras for her Roc bathe

Gilbert Miller, producer of plays, appeared at Antibes from Monte Carlo, where he was staying

all alone in a corner with a croupier. The game is called Monte Carlo Hazard, and it is certainly hazardous. Finally, he got three of a kind—the French is "grelan"—and as this pays 180 to 1, he was about square. By the bye, I've never seen Jeff in a bathing-dress. The only trouble is that you cannot wear a ribbon in it. In the next few days (September 10th is the provisional date as I write) we'll be seeing him at the Albert Hall for the Petersen-Gains fight.

With Jeff is Commander (Teddy) Leake. Bad luck he lost all that money on the Rodeo. You should see him in the Casino. He believes in plastering 2, and also going for 21, 31, and 13, not to mention 6. Well, it works sometimes. I meant to ask him how the National Sporting Club is going, but I forgot.

Betty Chester has been down here too. She swears that if she eats carrots she immediately gets ear-ache. This isn't, apparently, a gag. It is just a strange coincidence. I never knew before that she is a great-niece of Hans Andersen. But she is, and that isn't a gag either.

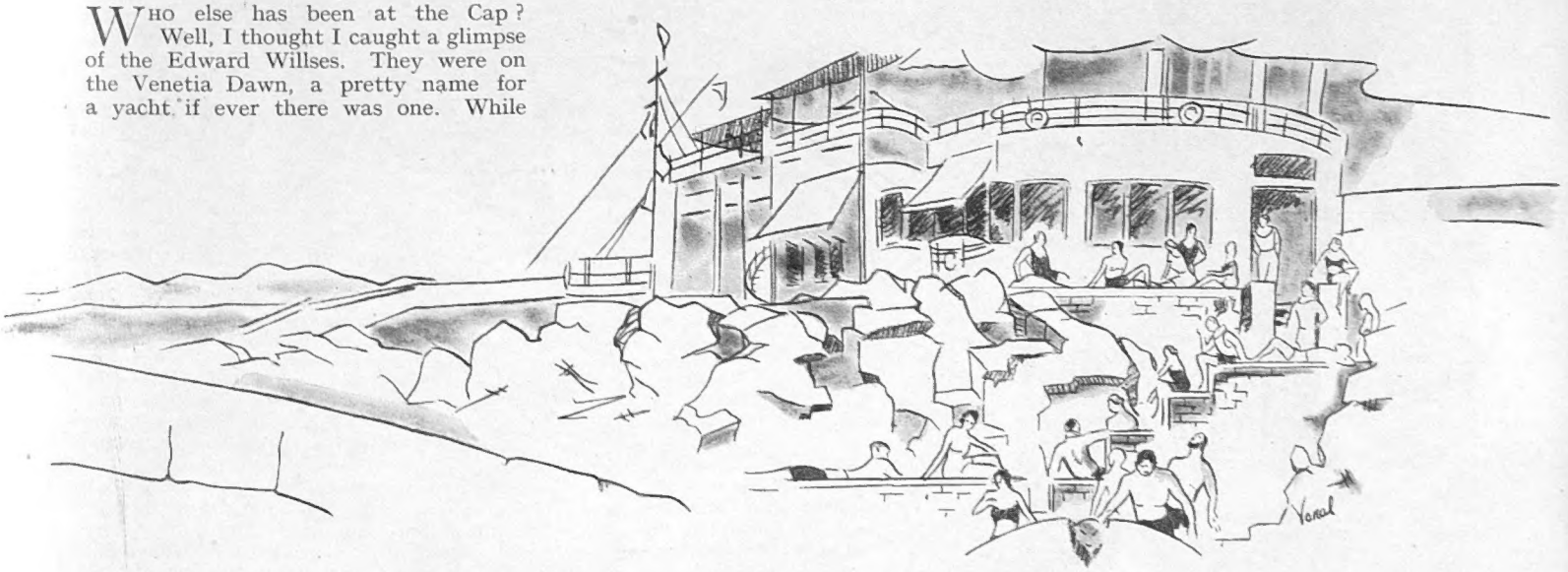
Who else has been at the Cap? Well, I thought I caught a glimpse of the Edward Willses. They were on the Venetia Dawn, a pretty name for a yacht if ever there was one. While down here they hired a Rolls-Royce locally. I call that very smart. But on their trip over to Monte Carlo in the yacht, the mistral blew, and it was rather a pale-faced pair that dined that evening on the terrace of the Beach Hotel.

Lady (Adrian) Baillie has been here also. Every year, I am told on the best authority, she arrives with the best intentions in the world of not gambling. This spell lasts for about a fortnight, and then—la! la! Actually, I am told by Rene Leon (and as the virtual King of Monte Carlo he should know), Lady Baillie is probably the best woman chemin-de-fer and baccarat player who ever left England for a visit to Monte Carlo. Her husband has been down here too.

Mrs. Brownie Hollway is another regular. She wears shorts, like Lady Ashley, which is a pity. Betty Sundmark, who looks so like Thelma Lady Furness, has also been over from Monte Carlo, where she is one of Les Girls again. So has the Grand Duke Dmitri.

The observant visitor may also espy the ginger locks of Mrs. Beresford, formerly Lady Sholto Douglas, formerly—oh, I haven't a book of the words down here! But her blue spectacles go oddly with her hair. Floating easily in the water can also be seen Gilbert Miller, who sat up until 7 a.m. to watch the final rehearsal of Les Girls—a busman's holiday. Everyone is sunburnt, and the excitement about Douglas Fairbanks walking out on his party at 9 a.m. to catch the Rex, has not yet died down.

Nor has the talk about Merle Oberon and Joe Schenck, especially among the people who were privileged to see the whopping great diamond engagement-ring he bought her at Van Cleef's, at Cannes. They say it was all of eight carats. These have, so far, been the two major sensations of the summer season. No doubt there will be more to gossip about as we idle on the spotless terraces, float on the deep, blue water, or rush madly around in motor-boats. By the bye, I haven't seen a soul aquaplaning, either at Antibes or anywhere else.



Second Thoughts on First Nights

Naval and Millinery

Portrait of an Admiral with his favourite ship; Admiral Sir William Westerham, K.C.B. (Clive Currie)

Sketches by Rouson

Above: Gloria Gunn (Laura la Plante) finds it difficult to pick a leading man, while Adolf Klotz (Frederick Burtwell) finds it as difficult to subdue the feelings of his partner, Sam Larrabee (Harry Thompson)

Left: Jean Stallybrass (Diana Beaumont) and Stephen Langham (Geoffrey Sumner) filling in an idle moment or two with tea and tête-a-tête

"Admirals All" (Shaftesbury)

SHOULD my Lords of the Admiralty find that recruiting for the Navy is getting slack, I would suggest that they provide waverers with tickets for the Shaftesbury Theatre, where *Admirals All* has been produced, for, according to the authors, Messrs. Ian Hay and Stephen King-Hall, all sorts of amusing things constantly happen on the ocean wave, and life aboard a battleship must be one long, loud, uproarious laugh.

Also, to add to the joie de vivre, it appears to be a way they have in the Navy for senior officers to devote much of their time—and, I regret to say, the Admiralty's—to sporting with Amaryllis in such shade as is to be found on the China station.

Also, according to the authors, it appears that a female film-star is so conscientious over her job that, in order to assimilate the right atmosphere for a forthcoming film, the action of which takes place in the Far East, she departs for China before allowing herself to be "shot," and in this play she is lucky enough to come across—as she thinks—a Chinese bandit who abducts, bullies, and makes love to her in precisely the way the film scenario indicated. Thus are the conscientious rewarded!

WISELY relying upon the old and admirable formula of dignity in distress to create laughter, and remembering that the higher the position the greater the fall, it is the Admiral aboard the battleship who becomes entangled with the Hollywood heroine and who finds himself, with her, at the mercy of a Chinese bandit out for ransom. To camouflage his exalted position when captured by these bandits, the Admiral takes the place of a Petty Officer, one result being that he has to perform the most menial of tasks, while it is the P.O. who enjoys some hours of glorious life when promoted to the rank of Admiral.

A SUDDEN twist at the end saves the real Admiral from further indignities, allows a subsidiary love interest to reach fruition, and reveals to the film star the leading man she was searching for, and one who, when cameras start clicking, will be worthy of playing opposite to so exalted a personage.

The greater part of the good-tempered, honest-to-goodness fun is provided by the naval scenes when Clive Currie, as the Admiral, and Aubrey Mather, as the Petty Officer, hold the stage; but the authors have not been too generous to others in a long cast, and their opportunities are few. Diana Beaumont and Geoffrey Sumner do all that is possible with the subsidiary lovers; Prudence Wilkinson, as an annoying child, plays a part which might have been made much funnier by the authors, with an eye for effect; Jack Hobbs, as the Chinese bandit, so far concealed his identity that he spoke exactly like Leon M. Lion; needless to say, Aubrey Mather and Clive Currie take every one of the many chances given them, and the film star is played by a real one, Laura la Plante, who gives a pleasant performance, though she does not point her lines with quite the necessary sharpness.

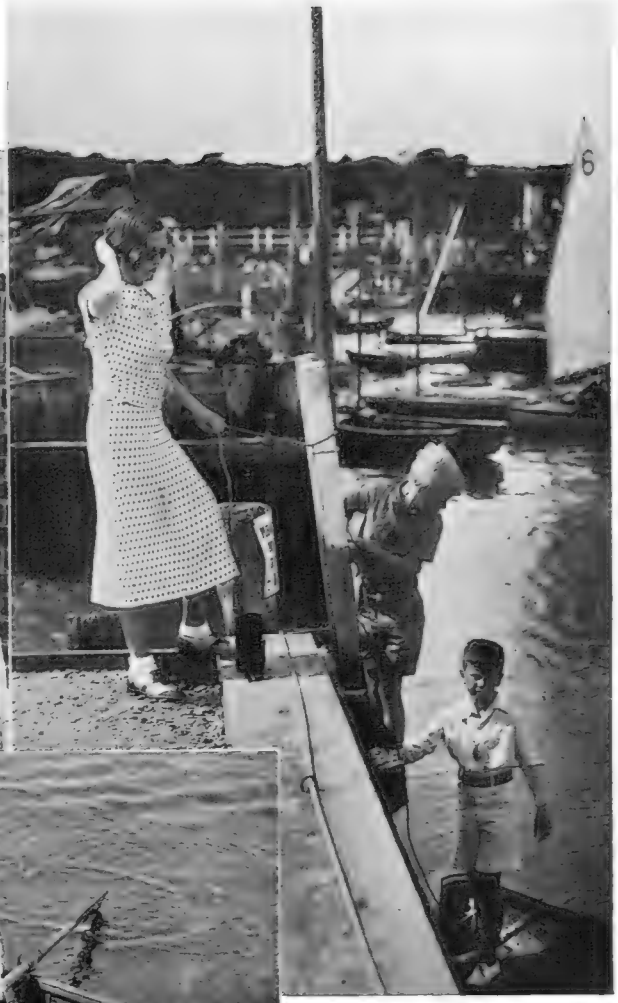
If this idea of casting a film star with a film star is carried farther, who knows but that Earl Beatty may not be approached to take the part of the Admiral in the unavoidable and regretted absence of Clive Currie?

VERNON WOODHOUSE.

On the Beaulieu River

The Buckler's Hard Regatta

Above: Lady Montagu of Beaulieu, who presented the prizes after the regatta, is giving Tom, a Labrador, his prize, a packet of biscuits, for winning the dogs' swimming race. Lady Montagu was the late Lord Montagu's second wife; her son is the present peer. She lives at Palace House, Beaulieu



Mrs. Carl Bendix watching her son, Michael, and Tony Franelli coming ashore from their dinghy at Buckler's Hard. The Beaulieu river, on which Buckler's Hard lies, is one of the most attractive and unspoilt anchorages on the Solent or elsewhere

Above: the Hon. Mrs. Pease and Miss Philippa Harrison were competing in the ladies' sculling race

Left: Lady Dent, who lives at Dock House, Beaulieu, Lady Dilke, wife of Sir Fisher Dilke, whose place is Lepe Point, Fawley, and the Hon. F. E. Guest, outside the tea tent

Right: Sir Francis Dent and his young crew. Lord Montagu of Beaulieu, the Hon. Caroline and the Hon. Anne Montagu, were the winners of the Open Handicap

Summer Switzerland . . .

A Victorian Revival

By Mirón

Sketches by Herbert

Lucerne, its Lake and its view, as seen through Victorian eyes: a reproduction from an old print

Zug, the pocket Nuremberg of Switzerland, where there is a famous restaurant above a mediæval butcher's shop

EUROPE'S oldest playground is no longer under a social cloud in summer. The pleasantest land in which to motor, with fine new roads everywhere, Switzerland is also the least expensive of the gold countries, and is so accessible that we reached it in just over four hours from Croydon, which makes it nearer than Yorkshire by train. It is a paradise for motorists that must more and more attract English visitors, who will find it on the route to everywhere.

ONLY a few years ago the mention of summer Switzerland brought smiles. The country, we were told, was given over to everybody's old aunts and the lesser clergy, who could be seen in groups resisting temptation before the large windows of the luxurious emporiums, the period word for those large, square shops, with notices in doubtful English without and Victorian souvenirs within. But there was a remoter age, when Swiss customs, costumes and carvings seemed as chic and amusing as things Tyrolese appear to-day. The great Queen herself sanctified the scene by repeated visits. It was a great day for the little country when Her Britannic Majesty was slowly borne up aloft, like a goddess in the car, on the Righi funicular to see the sunrise. "We are *so, so* happy . . ." she wrote. There came golden days, when Russian grand-dukes took enormous suites, and large towns of hotels like Montreux were built for them. All the nations sent their quotas before the war, and the Egyptians and the Dutch still escape here from their flat lands.

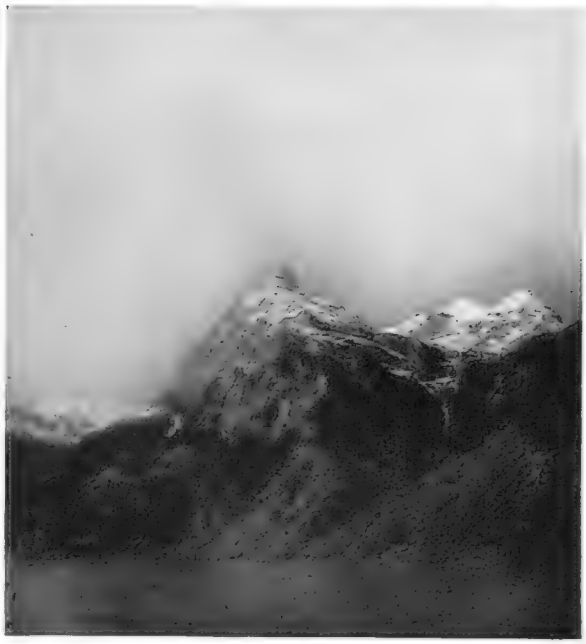
BUT new fashions and fresh competition came with the 'twenties: the sun-tan craze of the South; the restless car; the modern idea of a circuit of visits; the French tourism and the fashion of winter-Switzerland (the argument being: "One can't go there in the summer."). But, unlike the French, the Swiss never lost their heads, and did not overbuild hotels for a precarious Argentine invasion. So Switzerland fell each year into a summer sleep; the better hotels closed, the bar-tenders departed, the famous waiters mobilised into storm-troop detachments that were marched to other, smarter lands, leaving their fathers behind,

"The lesser clergy could be seen in groups resisting temptation before the large windows of the luxurious emporiums"

grave old boys with beards and straw hats, who were content to sip that vitriolic kirsch in lake-side gardens, the picture of profound, bourgeois peace . . .

ST. MORITZ began it—they even point to the world-famous Palace Bar, saying that there summer social Switzerland was born. A few Spanish nobles, headed by the Duke of Alba, wearied of the inanity of Santander, found the Palace and Suvretta House open, and presently English winter-sport enthusiasts came to revisit the scenes of their crimes, and others found it the best possible cure (especially if they had nothing the matter with them) to stay at 6000 feet on by far the most attractive route into Italy; while the Italians came up like fishes for some air from the stuffiness of their own lakes.

We stopped for luncheon at Hanselmann, best known of Swiss restaurants to the English, and enjoyed an enormous golden soufflé, and tried the local Grisons delicacy, bundderfleisch—blade-thin sun-dried strips of beef, which I hope to introduce at a London cocktail this autumn, so good was it. Amid a very odd mixture of Spanish dukes, Italian marquesses, French duchesses, and non-Aryan men of mystery, were a few English, including Lady Ellesmere; while Crockford's Club, led by Major Beasley, had sent a team for the international "bridge-tournier."



Native tradition declares this aspect of the Urirotstock to be Queen Victoria's favourite Swiss view

A GRAND drive over the Julier Pass brought us to Chur, and to the Lake of Lucerne ("so admired by Turner"), to the Bürgenstock, an old hotel resort which has had a new lease of life under that extraordinary man, Mr. Frey, who has provided everything, from charming old masters on the walls (this must be unique in the world of hotels) to a golf-course, tennis, even a cabaret, all on the edge of a precipice—a sort of country club in the clouds. At the foot of the mountain is the inevitable strandbad for swimming. At the Bürgenstock, we found Lord and Lady Erleigh, M. Barthou, and a stray ambassador or two doing an after-cure. Those very fashionable stars, Horowitz, Piatigorsky and Rachmaninoff, live nearby, and the John McCormacks passed through on their return from South Africa. It was here that Elinor Glyn set her *Three Weeks*, and across the Lake, at Triebschen, Wagner wrote much of *The Ring*, all of which dates it amusingly, even if the dates are mixed. Lucerne has always been a resting-place on the migration of those song-birds, the prima donnas of Europe, but the years have not been kind to them, for movie-stars have quite supplanted them. In vain they lose their jewels, fall from the air, tear up contracts—nobody cares. Across the still lake waters their sad voices rise and fall in scales, but publicity is no longer for them.

IT is in Lucerne that there is a hotel that is as holy to hoteliers as Triebschen to the musical. For here in the National, where everybody who is distinguished is said to come at least once, M. Cèsar Ritz—quel maitre!—was maitre d'hôtel early in his career. Here the master worked out his revolutionary ideas, breaking up the formidable table-d'hôte, putting pin-cushions in the bed-rooms ("service") and teaching the staff to smile. We found the National in an unusual state of excitement. Fingers were being clicked, orders given . . . buzzers . . . porters. Could Mme. Ritz be expected? His widow often comes here. No, it was that last of the American multi-millionaires, those prehistoric "monsters," Mr. William Randolph Hearst, arriving with a royal procession of seven cars and a baggage truck, out of which stepped the great man, with his sons, their wives and his friends, including Marion Davies. Also Marion Davies's coiffeur and two maids. It was almost like the old days for Lucerne. . . .

THERE are amusing contrasts in this most varied of countries. In Gstaad, chic as in winter, are chalets for the homeless children of the rich divorced, and good roads lead amid theatrical scenery to Lausanne, where were some English visitors, including the Duchess of Leeds (on her way to Aix), and Geneva, which is delightful, contrary to the reports of bored (and boring) dependants of the League, with a charming restaurant, the Eaux-Vives, in an old park, and some of the best shops on the Continent. They haven't moved a chair in a century in the manor house of nearby Coppet, home of Mme. de Staël, whose (far from) private life is due for a film. The French-German language line runs right through the middle of old Fribourg, one of the loveliest towns of the Continent.

THERE are unknown walled cities to visit, like Brenigarten and Sofingen, and at Brestonberg, a schloss become hotel, Lord Vernon and other English visitors were found. At Zug, a pocket Nuremburg, gourmets eat above a mediæval butcher's shop in a panelled room, with the butcher's family tree in the old stained-glass windows—Switzerland has older families than Mayfair knows. As one tastes the finest old *fine*, one can look out on a street of 1535, Zurich surprised with a street of furriers, jewellers, and silk-shops, filled with the big cars of German exiles, who confess that home was never like this (nor are they going home if they can help it). The new quarters fascinate those who are interested in new ideas for house design and interiors. At Basle, where we climbed into our Swissair for Bourget, there are famous Holbeins, and a stupendous new museum now building, the grandest affair since Stockholm Town Hall; also a wonderful restaurant, the Schützenhaus, an old house of 1651, opening on to a garden. Altogether a revived land where the motoring is perfect between (perfect) meals. . .

"Here the master worked out his revolutionary ideas . . . putting pin-cushions in the bedrooms and teaching the staff to smile"

In and Out of Town

Faces Seen by Molly Bishop

Mrs. Eustace Storey

Mrs. Storey is the wife of Eustace Storey, the International golfer. He was Captain of Cambridge, has played in England's Walker Cup team, and was one of the four golfers asked to represent England in Australia. Mrs. Storey is a very sociable person, and entertains a good deal at her house in Charles Street, Knightsbridge

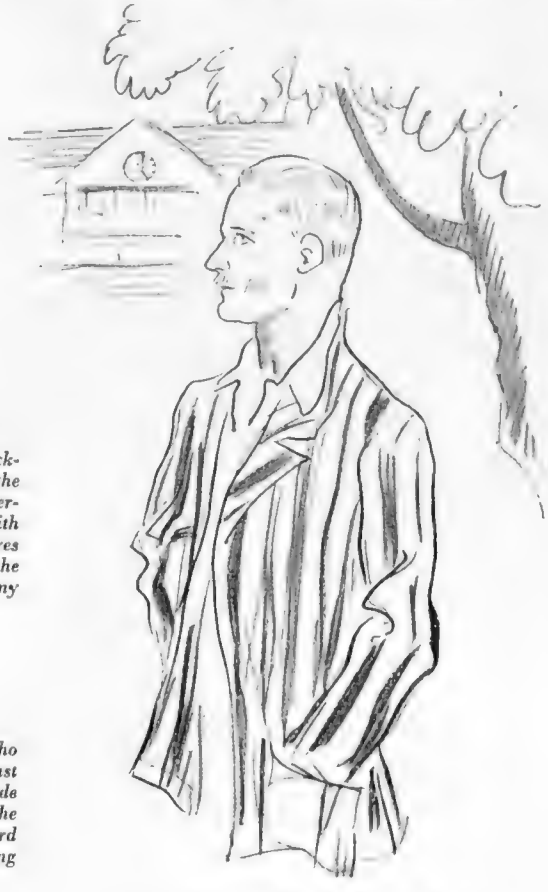
Mrs. Brocas Burrows

Mrs. Brocas Burrows was sketched watching the Army v. Australia at Aldershot, wearing a navy blue and white striped dress and a white hat. She was Miss Molly le Bas, and is a sister of Mrs. Gray Horton. Major Brocas Burrows is himself a cricketer, and is in the Inniskillings

Brigadier Bullock-Marsham

Left: Brig. F. W. Bullock-Marsham, who commands the 1st Cavalry Brigade at Aldershot, tilted his boater with the I.Z. colours over his eyes the better to watch the Australians defeat the Army

Right: R. E. H. Hudson, who captained the Army against Australia at Aldershot, made one of the catches of the day when he caught Ponsford off C. P. Hamilton's bowling



Lieut. R. E. H. Hudson, R.A.

Standing By . . .

A Weekly Commentary on One Thing and Another

By "The Bystanders"

Poor Old Golf!

WE fear that the Royal and Ancient game is in for a poor time. And we are sorry about it. After all, golf is not a very bad game. No one in their right minds would class it, for instance, with four-handed snakes-and-ladders, or with mixed halma. It is definitely superior to either of these, both as exercise and as a game of skill. We regret, therefore, very much the flood of jeers and sneers which will inevitably follow the discovery of human skeletons in a bunker on the eighteenth fairway of the Kingsdown golf-course, near Bath. Admitted that it is a very slow game, surely it is not so slow that players have actually died unnoticed in a fairway, and have been covered by the kindly growth of grass and weed. Besides, surely the Treasurer would have noticed that their subscriptions were unpaid at the beginning of the financial year? Or perhaps the bones were those of the Treasurer. Anyway, it all seems very sad.

The Caber No More?

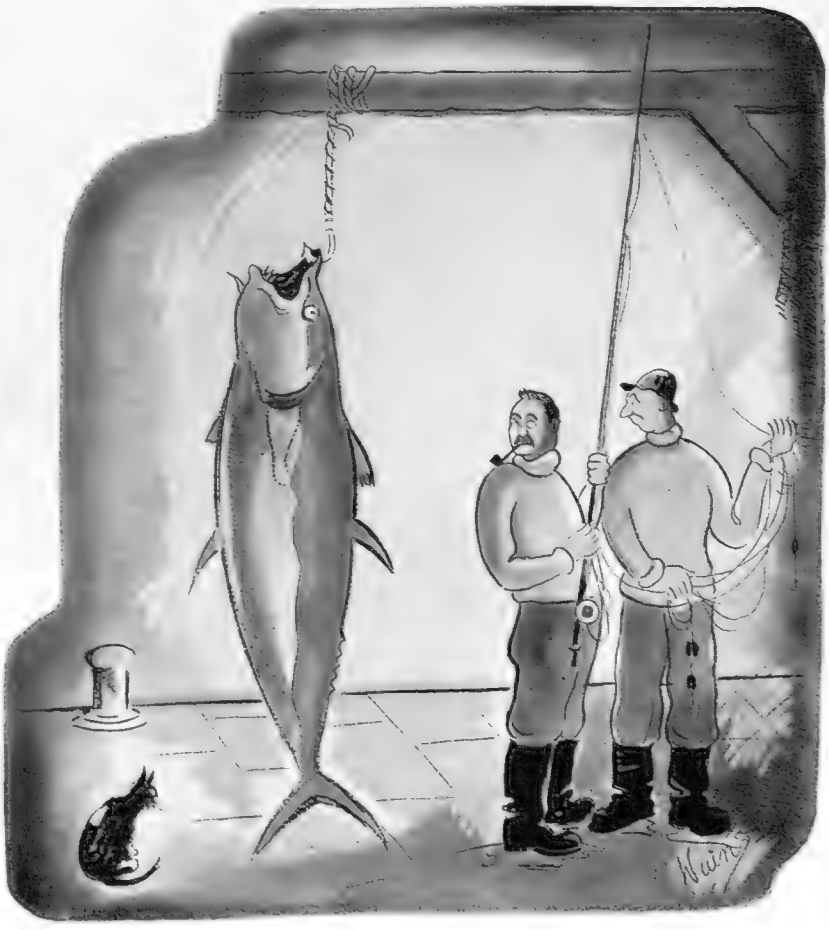
ALAS! for the Highland Games. Are they losing their popularity? The great Northern Gathering at Inverness is not nearly so well-attended, it appears, as it used to be. Let us hope that something will be done to prevent them from fading away altogether. Some of them, of course, are completely bogus, without any sort of roots in the past. These might well drop out. But some of the old Games are at least four hundred years old and may be even older. It would be sad if future generations no longer cultivated that strange sport of throwing a telegraph-pole about the field, and if there was no longer the solemn competition for "the best-dressed Highlander." But perhaps it is only from Inverness that the gloomy reports come, and it must be remembered that any sort of entertainment at Inverness is suffering sadly from the outside competition of the knobbly-backed creature in the Loch.

The Lad's Best Chum

THE fiftieth anniversary of the death of that great publisher, H. G. Bohn, ought to have been signalised by a mammoth demonstration of schoolboys, past and present, who have been saved over and over again from the direst of penalties by that great man. If ever the youth of this country had a benefactor, that man was Bohn. For he published a vast number of literal translations of the classics, and there is nothing so important in a young life as a literal translation. For schoolmasters, suspicious snobs, are always liable to detect it when a lad produces some particularly flowery and poetical translation of the ancient jig-saw puzzles which are alleged to be masterpieces of literature; and very often the low cads are able to spot the actual translation which has been used. But dear Mr. Bohn, good Mr. Bohn, clever, humane, delectable Mr. Bohn, thwarted them all right. He soon put a stop to their nonsense.

An Odd Atkins

A HUNDRED years have passed since the poet, Samuel Taylor Coleridge, died. None of you know anything about him, ignorant little sweethearts. (What 's that? "The Ancient Mariner"? How clever of you, Venetia Pippinjostle! Go up top and consider yourself excused from extra harp-practice to-night.) Anyway, that 's the chap. In early life Sam "went for a sodger," as they say in Scotland, and a very odd soldier he must have been. When he was enlisting his eye happened to catch a shopkeeper's advertisement near Westminster Bridge, and he instantly gave the man's name, Comberback, as his own, and served in the Light Dragoons as Trooper Comberback. His educational superiority over his fellow-Dragoons (go down three places for fidgeting in class, Felicia Tubb) was detected when he overheard an officer misquoting the classics and at once corrected him, which is a dashed sight more than any of you will ever be able to do, sweet nit-wits.



"Hey! Watch that darn cat"

The Mammoth Score

THE downfall of an English Test match team is usually received with the gravest melancholy by the tens of thousands of village cricketers on the village greens of the land. Every phase of the game is reported by some wireless enthusiast or other, and long beards wag solemnly as the fortune of England falls, and old eyes shine brightly as the fortune of England rises (on those extremely

"Oh, drat it; here comes the other side of the triangle!"

remote occasions when it does). But on that first disastrous day at the Oval, when Bradman and Ponsford lashed about so merrily, it was rather different. Derisive laughter was the order of the day. The current jokes were about England's Second Eleven, and much rustic fun was levelled at the Selection Committee, and ancient voices croaked out jests about Larwood and Voce. We ourselves were playing that afternoon in the neighbourhood of Bath, and, whenever a ripple of laughter ran round the spectators, the fielding side knew at once that another bulletin had arrived and that England's Second Eleven was still battling away in vain. We wondered a good deal what Mr. Jardine's feelings were as he sat in the Press box and watched the sorry tangle.

Glad Tidings Section

All over Fleet Street the boys are hunting about for last year's block of type which is always kept in readiness, and always mislaid, for this auspicious season of the year. The block, which is in the type used for splash headlines, runs as follows: "THE RETURN OF THE NATIVE"; and it means that September the First is at hand, bringing with it that blessed little "r" which is the signal for the arrival in the metropolis of the punctual oyster. Now mark an interesting thing about this headline. It was composed many years ago, in the far-off days when there were probably as many as a couple of hundred journalists in the Street who could both read and write, and when it was estimated that at least half-a-dozen of them were acquainted with the novels of Mr. Thomas Hardy. One of the talented half-dozen, it is said, took the title of one of these and applied it to the first of September, and since then the phrase has been automatically repeated year after year. But—and this is the point—there is nobody in the Street now who has ever heard of Thomas Hardy, and there is not a single man between Ludgate Circus and Temple Bar who could tell you the origin of the phrase. Such is the way in which traditions spring up and are handed down by word of mouth in rustic, and other illiterate, communities.

Wearing the Old School Dooty

A society has been formed in India for the foundation of an Indian public school. (Dammit, Commissioner Sahib, it brings a lump to the throat. By jove, Assistant-Ranger of the Woods and Forests Sahib, there 's nothing like the Raj.) As it is to be run on English lines, there will be special lecturers, we understand, on "The Straight Bat: Its Place On and Off the Field," "The Team Spirit and How to Build It," and "The Dear Old Alma Mater." A special sub-committee will probably be appointed to consider the question of the school colours, and we imagine that every student will have the colours embroidered on his dooty. (A dooty, by the way, for the benefit of those Little Englanders who have not mastered the works of Mr. Kipling, is to the native of India what the band is to the cigar. It goes round his middle. A wit of past days once observed that "Lancashire expects that every man this day will wear his dooty.")

Ex-Wolves

The League of Nations is still trying to find a home for the unfortunate Assyrians who drew the short straw in the contest between Russia and Turkey in the war. Having hopped down into the fray on the wrong side of the fence, they have been having a pretty thin time of it ever since. The League almost got them taken by Brazil, but that has fallen through, and the League is looking round for somewhere else. It is a sad finish for that famous Assyrian who once "came down like a wolf on the fold, his cohorts were gleaming with purple and gold." We do not suppose his modern descendants feel very wolf-like in these hard days, and as for their cohorts, which we take to be an old-fashioned word for their trousers, we doubt if there is much purple about them to-day, let alone gold. Probably they can't afford trousers at all.

"Can you do this?"

Never Letting Up

TRULY the Scots are a pertinacious race. We referred recently to the portrait of the Duke of Cumberland in the National Portrait Gallery which is labelled: "The Hero of Culloden." Instantly there was a wild outburst of Caledonian rage against this "outrage." Then a Sassenach wrote a mild letter to the Press in which he pointed out that the delightful old-world English flower, the Sweet William, is called after the Duke. *This*, you would have thought, should have somewhat damped the northerners. But, no. They have been for centuries so soundly damped by their own interminable rains that a little thing like that is nothing. They have come back at the Duke with a snap. When the Butcher's army marched into Scotland, they say, it brought a large amount of forage for the horses, and in this forage there was a weed, hitherto unknown in Scotland, which spread like wildfire. That weed is known to this day as the Stinking Willy.

Vintage Notes

WE hear that the results of the 1934 grape harvest are likely to be very good. Champagne and Hock are excellent, both in quantity and quality. Californian Moselle is well up to standard. New Mexico sherry is of a full body and a warm texture. Basutoland Beaune, we hear, is going to cause a sensation in the clubs, and there will be much tongue-wagging among the cognoscenti (an Italian word meaning "Old Fools") when the 1934 Tasmanian port reaches the tables in the neighbourhood of St. James's Street. As for the Australian stuff, we are told that the Toodloomookoo Johannisberger is exceptional this year, and the Bedford County Beaujolais is of a remarkable tang. There will be, also, a rather sensational flavour about the Coolgardie Chablis, which may surprise a good many people.

Theodora

GOING suddenly all classical, we hasten to explain that this paragraph is not about any young lady. Theodora is the Greek, or something, for Gift of God, and it was as a Gift of God to the Fleet Street funny-boys that we regarded the news item last week that Robert, Lord Trenchard's dog, had driven away a burglar. You don't want us to go on about it, do you? You can surely do it all for yourselves—Robert, Bobby, and so on. Oh, well, if you can't, you can't, and there 's an end of it. THE BYSTANDERS.

"Mark you, Major—I'd only do this for charity"

The Old School Tie: No. 13.—Framlingham

Chocolate, white and pale blue—
The last-named of true Cambridge hue—
Make the Framlingham tie a real joy to the eye
Whenever it comes into view.

AT Framlingham, the boys who shine
Most brightly in the "Rugger" line
Are always forward in attack,
Although the game 's played on the Back,
To which they graduate by way
Of Dixon's and the Dip's wild play,
Till finally with pride they hear
The welcoming and hearty cheer
That greets the match team when they see
Them trooping past the "Jims" to tea.

At Framlingham, the boys are taught
To revel in aquatic sport,
And all who 're sound of wind and limb
Strive bravely to be in the swim,
Since leave to go in at Deep End
To bathing added joys will lend,
And, since this builds up appetites,
They love to sample such delights
As "Social-and-Cushions" which
Ma of the Tuck sells to the rich.

At Framlingham, you 'll note her sons
Are loyal and devoted ones;
Though many gangsters here abound,
I 'm glad to say it will be found
The gangs are only cocoa ones
Who do not deal in bombs but buns,
So Procs. excite no rebel frown
When proudly walking up and down—
But if they *did* need martial law,
Well, they 've still got that Caddy Corps!

B. W.

Engaged

Peter North

Miss Pauline Fletcher

Pauline Fletcher is the youngest daughter of Sir Lionel and Lady Fletcher, of 26, Prince's Gardens, and Muirshiel, Renfrewshire. She is engaged to Christopher York, Royal Dragoons, eldest son of Colonel Edward York, of Hutton Hall, Long Marston, Yorks, and a nephew of Lord Linlithgow. Her father is a well-known rifle shot

Below: Isabel Beckwith, younger daughter of Major W. M. Beckwith, and Lady Muriel Derek-Jones, and a niece of the Duke of Richmond and Gordon and the Duchess of Northumberland, is engaged to Captain John Elwes, Scots Guards, son of Lieut.-Col. and Mrs. H. C. Elwes, of Colebourne, Glos.

Hay Wrightson

Miss Isabel Beckwith

Bassano

Miss Pamela McCorquodale

Pamela McCorquodale is engaged to Angus McCorquodale, Coldstream Guards. She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Norman McCorquodale, of Winslow Hall, Bucks, and a sister of Malcolm McCorquodale, M.P., and her fiancé is the youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. Harold McCorquodale, of Forest Hall, Ongar, and Saluscraggie, Sutherland

Bertram Park

Miss Daphne Wykeham

Above: Daphne Wykeham, the younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Aubrey Wykeham, of Pitt Place, Brighstone, I.O.W., and a niece of Lord Mottistone, is being married on September 12th to Lieut. Joseph Henley, R.N., H.M.S. Devonshire. He is the son of Vice-Admiral and Mrs. J. C. W. Henley

Below: Lettice Ward, the Hon. Robert and Lady Mary Ward's only daughter, is to be married on September 18th to Arthur Wilson-Filmer, at his home in Kent, East Sutton Park. He is the eldest son of Captain and Mrs. A. Stanley Wilson, of Tranby Croft, Hull

Lenare

Miss Lettice Ward

On His Majesty's Service

"In Chairs of Gold"

Cleopatra in a De Mille Setting

Cleopatra (Claudette Colbert) gets a message by carrier-pigeon that Octavian and the Romans are on their way to attack her. Mark Antony (Henry Wilcoxon), in whose wine she has just put poison, decides to stay and fight with her. This scene is simple and unspectacular by comparison with some of the more lavishly de Millean displays

Claudette Colbert is a good actress, but she needed all her art to keep the queenly head of Cleopatra above the tide of Egyptian, Roman, Hollywood magnificence that sweeps expensively through every scene of the film. Warren Williams and Henry Wilcoxon, as Julius Cæsar and Mark Antony, both play their parts with dignity. As a holiday film, "Cleopatra," which is being shown at the Carlton, is a good one. Its Arabian Nights atmosphere provides an escape from the limited monotony of everyday life that only the most sophisticated dare to despise

Cleopatra, Queen of Egypt, by Claudette Colbert, and Gitano

GOING OUT to GOINGS-ON

The "Bystander" in Society

Sketches by Molly Bishop

THE PRINCE OF WALES, having decided to stay another week at Biarritz, is still enjoying his daily 36 holes of golf at Chiberta; he has, as usual, set a very attractive and copy-able fashion for men players—white linen shorts with a deep green shirt. His house-party is augmented this week by Prince George, whose visit to Prince Paul and Princess Olga of Jugo-Slavia, at their summer residence 15 miles from Bled, has roused the usual romantic interest. Princess Marina of Greece, Prince Nicholas's good-looking daughter, had only to be invited to meet him to get the match-makers busy. Prince George is to stay at Balmoral later on; the King and Queen will be there from this week until at least the 26th, when the "534" will be launched at Glasgow.

JUGO-SLAVIA is attracting, as usual, a good many English visitors, especially to the lovely Dalmatian coast at Dubrovnik (*not* Ragusa, please), Split, and all those other enchanting places that cling to the grim grey hills by the sea. Lord and Lady Plunket are there now, and Ernest Thesiger has returned full of superlatives.

LONDON, oddly enough, is not the social wilderness that it ought to be at this time of year, although people one meets are always anxious to impress on one the fact that they are either going to or coming from Iceland or the Hebrides or some other inaccessible spot.

You might reasonably expect to find nobody lunching at Quaglino's on a Monday. However, I had not been there long before Lord Tennyson came in. Mme. de Peña, wearing one of the new triangular berets in black velvet, talked animatedly to her friends, including Miss Diane Chamberlain and Miss Jeanne Stourton. The latter, back from a Continental holiday, was in London for her sister's wedding—of which more anon. She wore no hat, and Miss Chamberlain revealed her golden coiffure by sporting a white linen cap, halo-like, at the back of her head. Raymond Massey (back from Scotland and now rehearsing

Lord Tennyson, wearing an M.C.C. tie, was lunching at Quaglino's last week on one of the Oval Test-match days

Colonel the Hon. Wilfred Egerton was in Lord Tennyson's lunch-party at Quaglino's. He was back from Deauville, where he had been for the Grande Semaine

At Quag's again: Mrs. Philip Hill, wife of the well-known financier, was with her sister, Doris Lytton, who has gone into "Libel!" in Frances Doble's place. They were both wearing black and white printed frocks and black hats

GOING OUT TO GOINGS-ON (Continued)

A London Wedding—

Mr. John C. Hudson, Hampshire Regt., son of Sir Frank and Lady Hudson, and Miss Katherine Venning, daughter of Brig.-Gen. and Mrs. Venning, of Hythe, Hants, were married last week at Holy Trinity, Brompton

—and One in Munich

The Hon. John Scott-Ellis, Lord and Lady Howard de Walden's only son, and Countess Irene Harrach, youngest daughter of Count Hans Albrecht Harrach and Countess Helene Harrach, after their wedding, which took place in Munich

Miss Jacqueline Hughes and Mr. Kenneth Savill

Miss Jacqueline Hughes, who is engaged to Mr. Kenneth Savill, 12th Royal Lancers, son of Mr. W. H. Savill, of Upton Grey, Basingstoke, and Mrs. A. G. B. Wilson, is the daughter of Lieut.-Col. J. Salusbury Hughes, Grenadier Guards, and Mrs. Salusbury Hughes, of 34, Draycott Place

Keith Winter's *The Shining Hour*) was lunching there too, and so was Miss Merle Oberon, whose engagement to Mr. Schenck is still a matter for speculation. She ought to have been encouraged by the sight of the Marchese and Marchesa Patrizi, for this newly-married couple looked supremely happy.

DURING the last week I saw Lady Denham and Mrs. Leo d'Erlanger, both on a flying visit to their hairdresser. Query: Why does everyone's hairdresser go to Jersey for his or her holiday? It is a curious and almost universal phenomenon. Hairdressing fashions have gone all Victorian again, and the main object of mannequins at the Paris dress shows—and of fashionables over here—seems to be to look as much as possible like the lady behind Manet's "Bar at the Folies-Bergères."

THERE is quite a burst of weddings to report. Lady Carlisle, of whom I caught a glimpse just after she came back from America, has gone to Naworth, from where her sister-in-law, Lady Elizabeth Howard, is to be married next week (September 7th) to Mr. Maconochie Welwood. Sole attendant—one page, son of Mr. and Lady Ankaret (lawyer) Jackson.

Then, last week, we had the wedding at St. James's, Spanish Place, of the Marquis del Moral and Miss Gytha Stourton, Lord Stourton's cousin, and niece of Lord Southwell, who gave her away. The marquis's first wife, Lady Ida Dalziel, died ten years ago; his eldest son, Mr. Andrew de Bertodano, acted as best man at last week's ceremony. Again one child—this time a small girl—was the only attendant.

Up in Argyllshire, at Duror, many people sacrificed a day's shooting to attend the wedding of Miss Elizabeth Stewart to Mr. Kenneth Younger, Lord and Lady Younger's son, at which the Bishop of Argyll and the Isles officiated. Rosemary Balfour, Lord Kinross's daughter, was one of the nine bridesmaids.

Then there was John Scott-Ellis's wedding to Countess Irene Harrach, for which the whole Howard de Walden family migrated en masse to Munich. This was also a processional affair, with seven blue-and-silver bridesmaids and four pages.

And at nine o'clock one morning, after a great deal of mystification, Lady Hindlip was married to Mr. Harold Huth at Marylebone Register Office.

ANOTHER of last week's ceremonies was the christening of Lord Rathcreedan's god-child, Kester William Norton, son of the Hon. Mr. and Mrs. Rowland George. This child surely sets a new fashion in Christian names, as befits the son of a literary mother. Mrs. Rowland George was, before her marriage, the Hon. Sylvia Norton, and is the author of *The Japanese Flower*; like many other women novelists, she is a graduate of Somerville College, Oxford. I cannot think why the somewhat rarefied atmosphere of this red-brick structure is so conducive to fiction, but it is so, with Rose Macaulay, Dorothy Sayers, Doreen Wallace, Margaret Kennedy and all. One of the most amusing of the batch is Lady Longford, who wrote *Making Conversation*.

AT Frinton there is the usual tremendous activity at the tennis club, whose diminutive and energetic secretary, Mr. Brough, bustles about with a megaphone among an apparently inextricable mob of claimants for courts. The day I was there Mrs. Fearnley-Whittingstall was playing. She is staying there just now, and so are the Lambert Chambers, whose son is a promising chip of the old racket.

Naturally, since Frinton this month is a stronghold of children and their nannies, there was a huge entry for the children's tournament. The beach just now has quite an air of a French plage, owing to the smartness and sophistication of the six-year-olds in their latest sun-bathing suits.

I MISSED Lady Pearson; she, too, is busy rehearsing the Keith Winter play with which she scored a success in New York. Bournemouth has already seen *Here Lies Truth*, the new Clemence Dane comedy. Gertrude Lawrence has been rehearsing this with energy and has had little time all the month for the new

Tunbridge

Left: Mr. and Mrs. Harold Huth leaving Marylebone Register Office after their nine o'clock wedding. Mrs. Huth was Miss Bridget Nickols until 1932 when she married Lord Hindlip; her marriage to him was dissolved last June. Harold Huth is an actor, stage and film

Below: Sir Walter and Lady Gilbey walking round together at Stockton. The new Lady Gilbey was Mrs. Marion Broadhead, of Farnley House, Farnley Tyas, Yorks, and is a daughter of Mr. James Roberts. She is Sir Walter Gilbey's second wife; his first wife divorced him in 1926

Mr. and Mrs. Harold Huth

motor launch (present from co-star Doug. Junior), which is moored outside the house she has taken in Cheyne Walk.

Talking of houses and of the stage, John Tilley (né Thompson) has taken a cottage, of great antiquity, at Water End, remote and picturesque village near Ashridge, where the Bonar Law College is. Rumour, which I hope is at fault, has it that "the official guide to the Loch Ness monster" has filled the venerable pile with chromium and glass furniture.

Welcome to Beatrice Lillie, who, after having failed for three weeks running to get up early enough in the morning to catch her transatlantic liner, has now arrived in triumph to see her son, Sir Robert Peel. He goes to Harrow next term.

LAST week's gales put a stop to several regattas. However, there is still activity at Cowes. Lord Gort, on leave from India, has been there in his cutter, Thanet. Lord Albemarle is the owner of a converted pinnace, Alice Hawthorne, in which he cruises about the island; and Lord Stalbridge's schooner, Cetonia, is still about. Lord and Lady FitzHarris—she is a daughter of the Dorchesters of Hamlet Lodge—have been sailing with enthusiasm.

SCOTLAND, despite earthquakes, stands where it did. Lord and Lady Edward Hay are at Torridon House, which, with the Hon. Andrew Vanneck, they have taken for September as well as August.

The Duke and Duchess of Montrose and Lord and Lady Graham have been at Brodick Castle, down the Firth of Clyde on the Isle of Arran, and then at Buchanan Castle, now a guest-house complete with grouse moors.

At Brodick are the Hon. Francis and Mrs. Curzon, who have taken Dougarie Lodge from the Duke.

STILL more news of foreign parts! Lovely Nada Ruffer, now Madame Patchevitch—she is even easier to look at than her sister, the Marquise de Casa Maury—is at Hammanet, North Africa, where a few years ago she built herself a small but not too primitive Arab house. It is just near the magnificent home of the George Sebastians, the amenities of which include a floor-lit swimming-pool.

Lord and Lady Darnley are bargeing along the French canals; Lord Balniel is hiking in France and Germany. And Sir Ernest and Lady Benn have migrated to Poland.

FROM Cannes comes news of a doughty contest between two ping-pong champions—Bellak and Szabados. All très sport. Other fun at Cannes, as at Clacton, is the beauty contest, a glorified version of which was the election of the Princess of Palm Beach, in the person of Miss Hope Hampton, the opera singer.

"Elegance Week" at Aix was graced by a gala tea, with competitions for women with their dogs and for women with their garden-party dresses. Spectators at this judgment of Paris included Lord Newton and Lord and Lady Askwith.

At Monte Carlo the "Grande Semaine Motonautique" has created great excitement. In the cruiser class (140 to 900 h.p.) Mrs. Reggie Fellowes entered Le Poisson; the Hon. Katherine Norton's Blue Jacket was also out.

THE Princess Royal and Lord Harewood are having their usual small house-party for the York races, which begin to-day. Major and Mrs. Edward Lascelles are not, as in previous years, staying at Harewood House, but are bringing their own house-party over from Linton Springs. Lord and Lady Milton are with Lady Fitzwilliam at Wentworth Woodhouse. Sir Philip and Lady Cunliffe-Lister's house-party includes Lady Beatrice Kerr-Clarke and her débutante daughter, Lois. This meeting calls for neat suits and furs; there is, mercifully, more feminine interest in the racing than in the form displayed by our dressmakers. Hunting people, like Baroness Beaumont, will be there in force. So flat is the Knavesmire that you can see the start of every race from the stands—a great advantage over most other country meetings.

MISS PEEPS

Sir Walter and Lady Gilbey

Legendary Reflections in a Modern Mirror

Three Camera Studies by John Everard

Above: "O

Grace and vitality, and statue are in this figur A modern Atalanta, sh disdain, thinking only o

Left: "

Mélisande, lovely faëry spring of clear water i of Arkel, aged King Mélisande, persuading distant home. There s they fall in love. Th distracted with jealousy Mélisande, unable to be in the mortal world, e

Below: "HERO"

The Grecian legend of Hero and Leander is the inspiration of this beautiful and tragic picture. Hero, priestess of Venus at Sestus, loved Leander, who every night swam across the Hellespont to meet her, guided by the burning torch she held. One night a great storm arose and Leander was drowned. Hero watched in vain for his coming, until at last, losing the hope that even his dead body might be given back to her, she threw herself into the sea

YMPIADE"

he perfect poise of a Grecian a girl runner ready for her race. reats her suitors with a careless victory on the Olympic fields

LISANDE"

reature, is found sitting by a a dark wood by Golo, grandson of Allemonde. Golo marries er to leave her woods for his meets his brother, Pelléas, and tale ends tragically, for Golo, kills his young brother, and r longer the burden of her life apes to freedom through death

A Racing Reverie

A Gainsborough Portrait: By "Regular"

Left: Mrs. Cartwell talking to Lord Feversham at Stockton, on the first day of the meeting. Lord Feversham lives at Duncombe Park, Helmsley, not far from Stockton

Below: Lady Stavordale is with Sir Richard Sykes, who came over from Sledmere. He owns the famous Sledmere stud, of which his brother-in-law, Mr. Adrian Scrope, is manager

IF I were my own master I should spend my days watching and writing about cricket. I am not, however, and never look like being in that blessed state, and the Editor takes jolly good care I spend my days on a racecourse, and write about racing.

JUST at present, however, I am on holiday, and in a position to steep myself in cricket. At an early hour I beetle off to the Oval, remaining there till dewy eve, watching Ponsford and Bradman running miles farther than one of Reg. Day's Cesarewitch candidates ever did, even in one of his severest preparations.

WE must hand it to these Australians, when they are good at a certain sport, they *are* good. We shall never see better jockeys than Brownie Carslake, Frank Wootton, and Frank Bullock, while as for this Bradman, I could watch him for ever.

TRUE, things might have been slightly different if Jardine, Larwood and Voce had played; but, similarly, we should get some amazing upsets of form racing if the jockeys were armed with electric batteries and cushions full of pins.

LAST week, at the kind invitation of my good friend, Captain Jimmy Hennessy, I paid a visit to the famous Harewood Stud, the most delightful place of its kind you could imagine, and the home of one of the most wonderful horses of all time—Gainsborough—who lives in an attractive little house of his own, tiled in his owner's — Lady James Douglas—racing colours.

GAINSBOROUGH is now twenty years of age, and, boys and girls, what a life he 's led: the stud groom told me in hushed whispers that he 'd forfeited his right to a voucher for the Royal Enclosure nearly a thousand times.

KNOWING his reputation, I expected to find a lecherous, broken-down old gentleman with circles under his eyes like saucers, and knees fairly crashing together like cymbals.

NOT a bit of it; I was introduced to a charming mannered, sprightly young fellow whom a short-sighted person might mistake for Brown Jack.

DESPITE the colossal success he has had with the gals, there is nothing of the pouncer about Gainsborough, and Lord Lonsdale could let Myrobella drive all round Regent's Park in a taxi with him, and she would come to no harm.

GAINSBOROUGH is so intelligent that those who know him best say he can do everything but talk. After all, actions speak louder than words, and he seems to have no difficulty in making himself understood; but it must be regretted that his memoirs will never appear. They should have proved a best-seller—until they were banned.

THE Harewood Stud yearlings are, of course, sold annually at Doncaster on the Tuesday, and this year they should have a wonderful sale, as, included in the list of seven yearlings to be sold, is one of the loveliest yearlings I have ever seen; he is by Gainsborough—Tilley, and if you can fault him you are much cleverer than I am. He should fetch many thousands of pounds.

I WAS also much impressed by a big bay colt by Fairway—Maid of Bath. Despite his size, he is a beautiful quality colt, with the best of limbs. Others I liked tremendously were a chestnut colt by Sansovino—Bagatelle, and a charming filly by Bosworth—Perce Neige (the dam of Rose of England).

BEFORE I temporarily gave up racing for cricket, I spent a couple of eminently successful days at Kempton and a thoroughly enjoyable one at Northolt, where everything is tremendously up-to-date, and comfortable, and the enthusiasm of the owners, of both sexes, knows no bounds.

AT Northolt there is a most excellent jockey riding named Serby, who could hold his own with any jockeys riding under Jockey Club Rules; yet he could get next to no riding before Northolt came along—further proof of the glut in the market of good jockeys.

APART from its many other advantages, Northolt has been a perfect godsend to the less successful trainers and jockeys, many of whom are now making a first-rate living who previously were out of a job, simply because there wasn't room for them all under Jockey Club Rules. And yet there are still a few fools who would crab Northolt and Portsmouth, and say there is enough racing without them.

AT Kempton the racing wasn't particularly exciting, but the good things kept on winning, so there were no complaints—at any rate from the backers. The most impressive performance was that of Water Marten, a real good two-year-old, who, patiently ridden by Michael Beary, gave lumps of weight away all round and won most convincingly.

AND now, my friends, I am off to Deauville on an aeroplane appropriately named Banco, from where you will hear from me next week.

Things Worth Remembering in the Test Match at the Oval

Right: Clark's good bowling

Right: Ames, the only player who never changed his place

Bowes chalking up mile upon mile in chasing the ball

Wyatt saying it with flowers

Hammond, far, far away in the "country"

Bradman looking rather tired after his first innings

Left: Verity thinking it over

Woolley keeping his stance up all day

Left: the large upper lip of Ponsford; and, right, the small one of Grimmett

Right: Woodfull giving way to joy

Well played, Leyland

The speed of "Gubby" Allen

'Erbert Sutcliffe asking the crowd for any suggestions

A Cocoanut for the Countess of Oxford and Asquith

Lady Oxford attacked the cocoanut shy with all her customary concentration and determination at a garden party and sale of work at North Berwick. Her daughter, Princess Antoine Bibesco, who opened the garden party, is watching on the left

Top left: Miss Sarah Churchill and her puppy, Troublesome, at Gosford House, East Lothian, which Lord Wemyss has now turned into a guest-house

Miss Pamela Deuchar, a last year's debutante, and her sister, Miss Maureen Deuchar, who was presented at Holyrood this year, riding at North Berwick, where they live

Right: Lady Elizabeth Percy, Lady Anne Cavendish-Bentinck, Lord and Lady Titchfield's débutante daughter, and Lady Diana Percy, playing golf on the Alnmouth course. They went over from Alnwick Castle

The Hon. Mrs. Bruce Ogilvy (right) with her mother, Mrs. R. W. O'Brien, and sister, Miss O'Brien, who are over from Ireland, at the Airlie Flower Show

The Dowager Countess of Airlie and her granddaughter, Miss Clementine Mitford, who is the daughter of the late Major the Hon. Clement Mitford and Lady Helen Nutting, were also at the flower show

In The North

An August Survey From A Feminine Angle

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The photograph below is a still from "The Murder of Dmitri Karamasof," made six or seven years ago, partly in Russia, in which Anna Sten had her first success. Shortly after it was shown she was chosen to play in a German film, "Storms of Passion," with Emil Jannings. It was while she was making German pictures that she was offered her Hollywood contract

Yesterday They Looked Like This . . .

No. 5. Anna Sten Then and Now

HERE is Anna Sten as film audiences in England and America, stimulated to much expectancy by a vast publicity campaign, first saw her. And here she also is as the film audiences of Germany and her native Russia saw her before Sam Goldwyn stole her away. Her star picture was "Lady of the Boulevards," which ran at the Tivoli three months ago; since then no more news of her has been heard. She may now become a routine star or Hollywood may continue their efforts to turn her into a second Dietrich. She is only twenty-three, so she has plenty of time

The "Bystander" Book Shelf

Mr. Alec Waugh's Best Yet

By A. G. Macdonell

IT is very likely that, in the future, students of literature will decide that the early thirties of this century are of great importance in the literary history of the country. For it seems to me that the survivors of the unhappy war generation are now at last coming to their maturity. Years of fighting, followed by more years of shell-shock, set them back. Now they are becoming alive. To appreciate this, you have only to look at Mr. Priestley, Mr. Shanks, Mr. Robert Graves, Mr. Siegfried Sassoon, and many another. Now comes, as additional proof, Mr. Alec Waugh with a magnificent novel, *The Balliols* (Cassell; 8*s*.6*d*.). It is far and away the best thing he has yet done. He has suddenly sprung forward, in an almost uncanny way, into a class that surely can only be a prelude to something bigger still. Mr. Waugh could always write interestingly and skilfully, but there was often a feeling that he was dealing with people about whom it was impossible, even for him, to be interesting and skilful. But *The Balliols* is a very different affair. It is, technically speaking, the story of a well-to-do upper middle-class family between the years 1907 and 1929. Actually, it is a sociological history of England during that period. But let no one be put off by long words. It is history written by a master of the art of selection and a superb inventor of detail. That is where Mr. Waugh is so brilliant. His incidents, apparently unimportant but really illuminating, are so exciting in themselves that the reader finds himself torn between the desire to go on to the next one, and the desire to go back and re-read the last one. For example, I have now read four times the scene in which Hugh Balliol, M.C., a torn and tired soldier, tames a form of schoolboys who flatter themselves that they will rag the life out of the new form-master. The Suffragette riots, and the brutal tortures in Holloway Prison, are another example. But the book is full of them, and a great deal more besides. Mr. Waugh can dip his pen into vitriol if he wants to. The vicar's wife, who wants to bring the "brave boys in the trenches" nearer to the Church by acting mystery plays, is a touch of devastating satire. *The Balliols*, it seems to me, may well mark a new milestone in Mr. Waugh's career, from which he will advance higher still.

Lenare

Alec Waugh

Whose new book, "The Balliols," is reviewed on this page by A. G. Macdonnell, who sees in this author's latest work the fulfilment of great promise

SOME time ago Mr. S. P. B. Mais went to America for the B.B.C., to travel through the United States and broadcast his impressions of what he saw. He has now published his talks in book form, with notes, photographs, and explanations, under the title, *A Modern Columbus* (Rich and Cowan; 7*s*. 6*d*.). I would be prepared to wager a small sum that Mr. Mais neither chose nor approved the pretentious title. But once you have got over your ironic smile at the somewhat unfortunate comparison, the book itself is full of charm. It deals mainly with the small things of everyday life, which so many travel-books too often ignore. More can be learnt about a foreign country by knowing how, when, and what they eat, than by a historical record of its palæolithic beginnings. Mr. Mais writes in a homely way about homely things, and I learnt more about the United States from him than from any other book I have ever read. The photographs are up to the standard of the rest, and that is high praise.

LAST year Mr. Shamus Frazer won golden opinions for his first novel, *Acorned Hog*. It was not only witty and original, but it was full of promise for the future. A number of discerning critics decided to keep an eye on this brilliant young man. Mr. Frazer's second venture, *Porcelain People* (Chapman and Hall; 7*s*. 6*d*.) comes as a severe disillusionment. It is full of glitter and speed, of rattling words, of hard polish. But these qualities, which may lure a reader through a chapter, become a weariness to the soul when they are dragged on and on throughout the length of a novel. An infinite sense of tedium descends. The words rattle and rattle and rattle. Nothing happens that has the remotest connection with life, and no character appears that is not stuffed with sawdust. It is all very sad. There is a good deal of wit in Mr. Frazer's descriptions of Striptown, a blaring, blatant, seaside resort, but they are allowed to meander on through far too many pages, and when the leading puppets go to a cinema (where, incidentally, the gentleman-puppet bites the lady-puppet's ear) we are treated to five-and-a-half pages describing what the films were like which they saw. *Porcelain People* makes one realise how amazingly good Mr. Evelyn Waugh is at the game. He is really witty, and the standard which he sets makes the others look very small. And surely Mr. Waugh has dealt with the self-styled Bright Ones for good and all. There is not really anything else to say about them.

"CLEOPATRA," translated from the French of Gaston Delayen by Farrell Symons (Dent; 10*s*. 6*d*.), is a rather curious book. It is not a history of that immortal lady, for it contains much imaginative writing, nor is it an historical novel, for it contains reams of dates and dynasties and facts. Perhaps the same sort of result might have been achieved if Oscar Wilde, in his most flamboyant mood, had been invited to "pad" out a school text-book, or if J. K. Huysmans had collaborated with the author of a fourth-form primer, each writing alternate chapters. M. Delayen's book inevitably suffers from this dubious classification. The reader is puzzled all the time. Just as he has mastered the naval tactics of the Battle of Actium, he comes up against the statement that "human life is extremely short," or that Cleopatra grieved "at the thought that beauty is scarcely more lasting than a flower." On the whole, it is an unsatisfactory book because it might have been so very good if it had been either one thing or the other. The translation, however, is quite admirable, and the historical notes and bibliography are excellent.

Something of a Farce:

By "Finger-Spin"

What England Did Enjoy

An interval for refreshment at the Oval when Australia were knocking up that little score of 475 for two wickets

K. S. Duleepsinhji, an interested spectator, watching the Test Match at the Oval and regretting that illness prevented him taking a more active part

THE Test Match which may end all Test Matches, or, at any rate, give them a well-earned and welcome rest, was begun at the Oval in just about as unpleasant an atmosphere as would be possible in any branch of sport or game. Let it be said at once that the players are in no way to blame—neither the English players nor the Australian players.

Cricketers of long experience, who have no axe to grind and whose record on the field is beyond reproach, are not unanimous in their opinion about the merits or demerits of so-called "body-line bowling" and "leg theory," but they are perfectly certain that the whole affair has been grossly mismanaged by the powers-that-be in Australia and in this country. It started, it may be recalled, by the Australian Board of Control sending a rather hasty and unhappily worded cable to the M.C.C. protesting against the tactics adopted by Larwood in bowling to a packed leg field. The M.C.C., quite properly supported D. R. Jardine, as captain of the team which they had sent out there. There was, I maintain, absolutely nothing on which the Australian Board of Control could build a case, and nothing which could not have been settled amicably by the respective captains. One of the most distinguished of Australian cricketers, who himself saw every incident during these matches in Australia, told me that the Australian batsmen, by walking in front of their wickets, asked for trouble, and that Larwood, by moving two men across to leg, was merely making a tactical move which, had he omitted to do, would have constituted a cricketing sin. Some who saw the matches, on the other hand, declare that in the method adopted there was an air of hostility and venom which went beyond the limits of real cricket. Others, again, are quite definite in their opinion that the whole suggestion of body-line bowling is entirely contrary to the whole spirit of the game—that, in fact, it is not cricket.

AS the writer of these notes, I must confess that I am on the bowler's side. The work of a bowler on these present-day wickets, with batsmen protected all over like mediæval knights, walking right in front of their wickets, is hard enough as it is, without being told that a perfectly legitimate method of bowling which has been found to be distasteful to the batsman, is unfair.

THE difference between a law and a rule is that the former is rigid, whereas the latter is no more than a guide to conduct. Hence we have the "laws" of cricket, and the "rules" of golf, which, in the latter case are no more than an attempt to prevent people from cheating in too many different ways. The laws of cricket do not declare a ball to be illegal unless it is thrown, or the bowler in delivering fails to keep his foot within the confined limits. Larwood's bowling, therefore, was fair, and it was more than that, it was a successful attempt to keep the balance of power between bat and ball a little more level. When one considers how huge scores are spoiling cricket as a game, these tactics are not to be deprecated.

IT is all very nice to watch Bradman and Ponsford make 388 together at Leeds, and follow this up with 451 at the Oval, but the piling up of huge scores is not the only thing for which people pay their money at the gate. I will warrant that had Larwood, or even Voce, been playing in this Test Match at the Oval, instead of the miserable 22,000 who turned up on the first day, there would have been a queue from the gates all the way back into the heart of London. Anyway, the Australians insisted before they came over that they would not be subjected to this type of bowling; somebody must have given them an undertaking more generous than that expressed in the official M.C.C. note, which merely stated that the Australians could rely upon the games being played in a proper spirit.

HAVING been given an inch, the Australians took a yard, and, with a deal of unwise matter appearing in print, there finally occurred the absurd match at Trent Bridge, in which Voce, having skittled the Australians in their first innings, was diplomatically declared to be unfit to play on the last day. In some queer way, Voce was taken as a continuing link in the Larwood controversy, which only shows how easily an entire case can be based on a false premise. Voce being a left-handed bowler, must have fieldsmen on the leg-side when he is bowling fast and making the ball go with his arm. To leave the leg-side anything but heavily guarded is contrary to the whole mechanism, and make-up of the game as it appears in its most obvious form. You might just as well move all the slip-fieldsmen to the leg side when a right-handed bowler is making the ball run away. Fieldsmen must stand at a point where the ball is likely, by spin or swing, to finish off the bat; and there is one area to which this especially applies in the case of Voce and Clark, just as it did with F. R. Foster, and many another who has bowled just like this in club cricket, without any to do, fuss or complaint. And yet, not until well over 300 runs were on the board in Australia's first innings at the Oval, was Clark given anything approaching his proper field. Why?

PONSFORD, great batsman that he is, who has achieved tremendous things in the past, patently has a distaste for fast bowling, more especially when it is pitched on the blind spot on the leg side. Who hasn't? Is that a reason why he should be studiously served up with innocuous bowling on the offside of the wicket so that he can thumb himself to the tune of more than 200 runs in a day, when, in fact, he could have been dismissed by a bowler with a suitably placed field in the first half hour of the innings?

ARE are we so terribly afraid of upsetting the Australians that we would rather they took away the Ashes than have an argument? The M.C.C. were quite right in the first instance, and it is a million pities that they did not stick adamantly to their attitude.

Above : Mrs. Chunn and the Marquis of Queensberry sitting over the best cocktail of the day—the one that's drunk between the morning bathe and lunch time

Below : Lady Warwick, looking very neat in her shorts and three-coloured sun-bathing "top," and with an Alice band in her hair, is talking to Mr. Gordon Leith

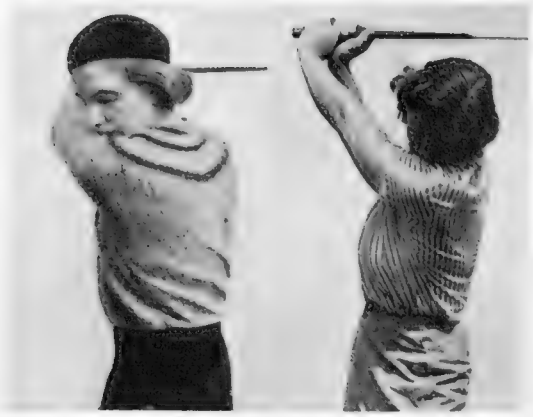
Out in the Mid-Day Sun at Monte Carlo

Left : Mr. Charles Doughty, the well-known K.C., Recorder of Canterbury, and chairman of innumerable boards and committees, has been spending his holiday out in Monte Carlo. He is with Mme. Mady Goscheau and Miss Inge von Dippe

Below : Miss Yolande Holroyd chose to read in the shade ; Dr. R. A. Beaver, the racing motorist, chose to distract her attention from her book

Young Mayfair

Lady Bridget Poulett, who has been seen here and there about the Riviera, and Mr. Patrick Waddington are on a balcony of the New Beach Hotel at Monte Carlo



Miss Diana Fishwick *Mrs. George Coats*

Miss Diana Plumpton *Miss Pam Barton*

Mrs. J. B. Walker *Miss Doris Chambers*

Photographs by Helme

Miss Wanda Morgan *Miss Molly Gourlay*

The British Team for Canada and U.S.A.

The British Team, which sails on August 31st, plays Canada at Toronto on September 15th, and U.S.A. at Washington on September 27th and 28th

Women's Golf

Tuning Up for Travel

By Eleanor E. Helme

DEAR BYSTANDER,

I SUPPOSE that the British team will slip quietly away from Liverpool in the Duchess of York on Friday without any flag-wagging. All the same, once they have arrived at Toronto to play Canada, and still more when they are at Washington locked in a deathly two-days struggle with the U.S.A. team, we shall take extreme interest in them. Even now it is pleasant to hear good accounts of them. Some may be taking a rest from golf; of those prudent souls we hear nothing. Others hold that their best preparation lies in ceaseless activity.

ONE of those energetic souls is Mrs. George Coats, the only Scottish member of the team. She was at Gullane the other day, struggling in a Flag Competition to get round No. 3 course in a measly allowance of 66—par is 70. Lest the uninitiated should jump to the conclusion that Mrs. Coates has arrived at the uncomfortable position of plus 4, let me hurriedly add that every player had four deducted from their handicap allowance; she is still scratch.

The hapless Mrs. Watson, for example, was only supposed to hit the ball sixty-three times for her eighteen holes; she did extraordinarily well, and made that allowance suffice for seventeen of them. But neither she, nor Mrs. Coats, nor Mlle. Aline de Gunzbourg, who was also playing with only sixty-six shots allowed, were in the prize list, big handicaps winning almost inevitably.

Anyway, those who have just become engaged and will be married in two months' time, must be forgiven if they were not within measureable distance of the prize list. Not that the French Close champion is playing badly, even if Mrs. Watson did beat her 5 and 4 the other day round Gullane No. 1. Mrs. Watson is what one might call a holy terror round that course, and on this occasion holed it in 72, everything putted out. To return to Mrs. Coats. She has lately struggled through to the final of a Gullane match play cup, only to be beaten there 3 and 2 by Miss Millicent Couper; but then that player (like all the Scotties just now) is in great form; in imminent danger, in fact, of earning a plus handicap. Two gross scores, three better than par, are distinctly menacing.

WE next hear of Mrs. Coats at an open meeting at Goswick. Have you played there? Probably not. Have you looked out of a northward bound L.N.E.R. train about ten minutes before running into Berwick-on-Tweed? Again probably not; it is a time of the night when all good travellers are asleep. But if you ever stay on that coast, as I have done, it is well worth an expedition to a club which might well be the best of Northumberland's seaside ones if there were more money to spend on it. Even without, it is most inspiring and delightful. The sandhills are magnificent, of the St. George's Sandwich type; the whole thing is a natural "links," never to be confounded with a mere "course." Mrs. Coats, like a great many other good golfers, had never played on it before but, again like them, she has evidently an eye for a strange distance. Did she not, for instance, win the *Golf Illustrated* Cup at Ashridge last autumn, unknown territory indeed to her. At all events, she headed the Goswick list with a noble 77. The official par may be 72, but I have a feeling that most folk are pleased enough when they get within half-a-dozen shots of it, especially at first acquaintance. Nor was she competing against nothing. The Northumberland champion, Mrs. Hugh Percy, was there, so was Mrs. Rome from Gullane, and Miss Millicent Couper carried off both long driving and putting prizes.

THE German Open Championship at Bad Ems was a surprise, in fact full of surprises. It was a very pleasant one to many people to find that Lady Alness, last heard of as convalescent after a serious operation, was not only fit enough to play, but to play well. True, Miss Rudgard beat her 5 and 4, but from all accounts that margin did scant justice to the fight Lady Alness put up, her putting in particular being out of the common good. The other two surprises were less pleasant. Everybody expected that Mrs. Garon would hold on to her title for one thing, for another that Miss Rudgard would pull it off once Mrs. Garon was safely out of her way.

Both these anticipations were upset by Frau Lieselotte Groos, of Cologne. First she beat Mrs. Garon, 2 up, then she beat Frau Sellschopp, whom we know over here as a good golfer as well as one who has six times been German champion. Then in the thirty-six holes final she beat Miss Rudgard 3 and 1. That is not a big margin, particularly as Miss Rudgard was five times stymied, but one cannot help feeling sad that Miss Rudgard did not manage to turn it the other way, particularly as she was one up at lunch time. So many stymies, so many close finals, seem to have gone against her, both in Yorkshire and Germany, that she must be beginning to feel almost superstitious about it. If so, that in itself makes it difficult to play well. The very fear of stymies so often produces a species of putting paralysis when one simply cannot lay the approach putts dead. And if you do not put them dead, then you run every risk of being stymied. Onlookers may call it unlucky; you know in your own heart that it is just punishment of your own mistakes.

THERE is no space left to discuss that old question. I hold my own views on the subject and some day you shall have them, but not now. I only hope, if you have been holiday-making, that you have been free from the annoyance both of stymies and of three putts. Holidays have been wrecked by smaller things than that.

Yours ever, ELEANOR E. HELME.

Paris Fashions

What You Will Wear This Autumn

By Jean Burnup

It is almost impossible to keep Schiaparelli out of the first line if you are writing about new fashions.

She always does something a little more sensational and original and exciting and perverse than any of the others.

This time it is :—

(*a*) Sloping shoulders on coats, starting from the high collared neck, going right down to the elbow. Other houses are doing much the same with shoulders, but not so thoroughly as Madame S.

(*b*) Conical skirts held out on hoops beneath the knees and heavily frilled—you can't say it 's not an idea.

(*c*) Tightly buttoned jackets with little basques lined with stiff crinolines (pandering yet again to women without hips).

Also, the dachshund muff, describing itself . . . chin veils if you want to look like something seductive from a harem . . . buttons that don't sew on (she 's been watching a man putting the buttons into his evening waistcoat) . . . fur pockets on tweed suits, gorgeous for cold hands on cold days . . . colour combinations that sound crazy but look divine, brown, purple and magenta, for instance, one example of the three colour combination that is shown everywhere.

* * * *

The line for day wear is varied and interesting. There are three-quarter coats, slightly fitting at the waist, rather like riding habits, worn with tunics, often in a vivid colour with a dark suit.

Short basqued jackets and blouses in the same shape (thank goodness to be relieved of the tyranny of the tuck-in blouse) with sleeves often full to the elbow and narrow at the wrist.

For sports, there are three-quarter, straight fitting jackets, with straight skirts, much as you wore last spring. There are swagger-coats over skirts or frocks, sometimes fastening up the back. Lucile Paray's idea, amusing but inconvenient.

Full-length coats have princess lines, always becoming. Unbelted for preference.

The shawl fur collar reappears, sometimes with a flare, sometimes with the front revers taken down on each side of the armhole and folded back in wind-swept effect, or folded flat across the front.

The fur is always flat. It can be caracul, astrakhan, beaver, nutria, but the most popular of all is seal, either black or bronze. Old Port is the name given to the black seal and every house features it. So bring out that old sealskin-jacket of grandmother's.

Many bell sleeves ring again for your attention ; some sleeves have a peak at the elbow ; sometimes the wide sleeve is turned back at the wrist to form a cuff, flattering to the hands, but draughty.

The wide dolman armhole appears on many new coats and some frocks.

Capes are still in the fashion picture. Some are full length, some have no arm slits, some are shoulder length, waist length, seat length, and every other length, and of every type, military and circular, square and wrap-around.

Fur coats are often capes too. Practically every house shows them in all lengths.

Hairy woollens make many of the coats, some with an artificial silk hair, or a horsehair nearly an inch long.

Underneath your coats and capes you will wear very simple, straight dresses for mornings in fine woollens or jersey, looking like tweed, with high necks, normal waists and wide belts.

Turn your back on your friends when you 're dressed for the afternoon. All the interest is there. High neck-lines fasten at the back. There is back flouncing and half-basques, wide belts with unusual buckles fastening at the back.

Quilted taffetas is used for some afternoon dresses. A lot of velvet. Satin, used separately and in conjunction with fine woollen. Cellophane threads used in many of the wool and artificial silk fabrics give a brilliant effect and make day dresses look as if they are glistening with excitement.

Quilting, stitching and sequin embroidery, subtly introduced, enlivens many plainer materials.

* * * *

There is a grand purple-brown used by many houses and christened differently by each. It is neither brown, purple nor black, but a little of each. It has a future.

They have been using all the shades of green you can imagine, and many you can't ; wine and dark plum, occasionally and attractively used with blue, violet, brown in rich tones, cinnamon and black, geranium and black, smoky grey, cerise, and the three-colour combinations already mentioned.

It is fun, if you 've a flare for these things, to work out your own colour combinations, so long as the colours harmonise, even if they are on an entirely different scale from one another, they will look right.

Skirt lengths are mostly the same as last season ; a little shorter for mornings, about eight inches from the ground for afternoons.

* * * *

Evening dresses go back to almost every style and period designers could lay their eyes on. Many remind you of the Middle Ages—and they are better on the young than the middle-aged—others look like the peaceful early nineteen-hundreds, or various odd dates in Victoria's reign. Oriental influence has been at work too. The directoire idea is all over the place.

Narrow directoire skirts are slit sometimes in front, sometimes on both sides, occasionally, at intervals, all round. (The idea is to look really Directoire and not like an old-fashioned screen vamp with tiger skins and too much eye-black.)

Maggy Rouff shows full skirts, fullness from just below the hips and mostly in the front, with little fitting bodices, rather like the " Little Women " dresses. Chanel also shows full skirts.

But if you don't like full skirts—and once again you should be triumphantly slim to wear them to show you are hiding nothing—you can have your evening gowns straight, with the inevitable back importance of wings, bows, draperies, or a pleated panel from the waist.

There are also straight skirts with slight front fullness.

Evening tunics are flared or bell-shaped towards the hem.

Décolletages are square in front, lightly outline the bust, or have a fairly wide V

Molyneux, whose collection was beautiful, luxurious and very wearable, sometimes put an enormous bertha of tulle round the shoulders, with invisible shoulder-straps on the gown.

He has also introduced the new uneven skirt. For formal wear, it has points back and front. For dinner or drinking clothes, it is diagonally cut just above the ankles.

Materials for evening haven't been so luxurious for ages.

Velvet, of course, is all over the place; a lot is uncrushable, some ordinary. There is a new stiff faille velvet, with a faille or taffeta base and a velvet surface. It rustles elegantly when you move.

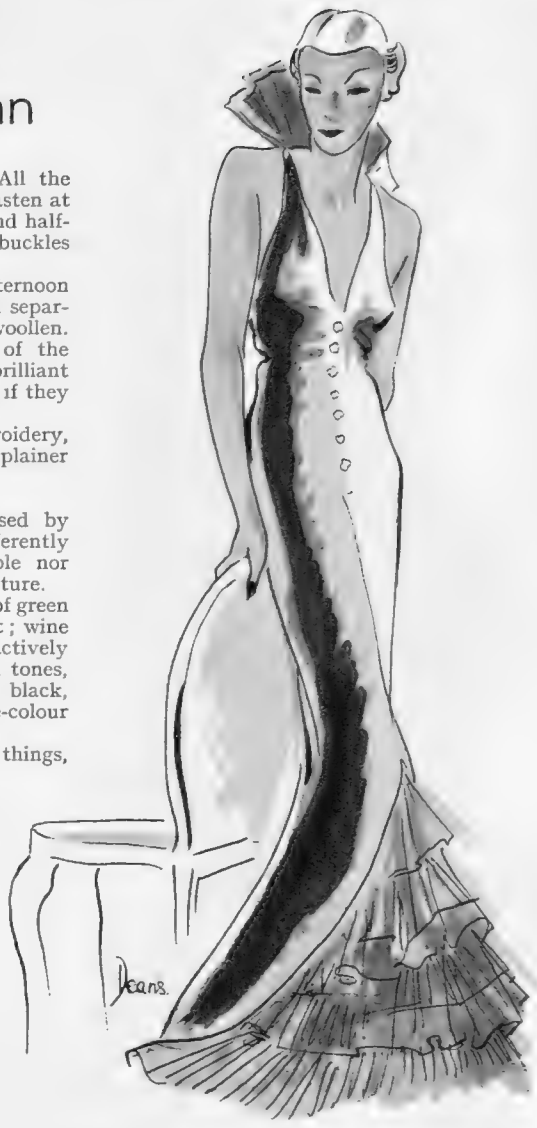
Net is used loosely and in folds. There is much moiré, both stiff and supple, a good deal of satin, lamé and cellophane material resembling lamé. Molyneux uses a shaded velvet in exquisite colours. The frock may be deep rose or green or blue at the hem, and pale at the bodice or the reverse. It is an enchanting idea.

Alix, who has many important Indian clients, uses cellophane materials to veil evening frocks, sari fashion.

Evening wraps are mostly fitting coats with flaring skirts, full and three-quarter length, plain or fur trimmed. There are many hip-length capes, with 1890 necklines, some small fitting basqued jackets in materials matching the frocks or in lame or quilted fabrics.

ITEMS.

Fur boleros on full-length coats for day, sometimes with fur sleeves . . . full sleeves in dresses from shoulder to the wrist and there set into a band . . jackets and short coats for evening in tulle with bishop's sleeves and swagger backs . . . coats lined with contrasting satin to match frock . . . Chanel's new sleeve put in with a slightly overlapping armhole to allow you to move without wrinkling the back . . . petticoats shown by Worth in fine net or lace, with most of their slit skirts. . . .



GORGEOUS brown velvet evening gown. Frilled gauze makes the medici collar and swirls out at the front hem line. Lucien Lelong

Sketches fro
Paris Dre
1.
Dean's.
2
3
4
6

the Shows.

Glittering evening tunic. Sequins ranged on black velvet. Narrow black velvet skirt, with slight train. New pointed decolletage. Lucien Lelong.

2. Navy wool day dress. White satin jabot, half basque at back. Lucile Paray, worn with Germaine Bailly's large, high-crowned felt hat.

3. Warm brown overblouse in a surprising material which looks exactly like beaver. Worn with a rough tweed skirt. Alix.

4. Heavy crêpe grass-green afternoon frock. Diagonal tucks melt into the side flounce. Soft flounce at low neck. Patou.

5. Shiny black satin afternoon gown. Gorgeous line. Cross-over draped neck buttons on shoulders with two large crystals. Augustabernard.

6. Black velvet and ostrich-feather tips make this pork-pie hat from Suzy.

7. Lanvin's rich evening wrap in self-striped violet satin. Clever sectioning on the large, round sleeves gives spider's web effect apparent throughout her collection.

8. Prim black taffeta period evening wrap. Waisted. Loose seven-eighths-length skirt flies out at back. Sequin cuffs. Cerise bow at waist. Revers knot at back of neck. Bruyère.

9. Long-haired black woollen coat and skirt and silver tissue lamé blouse. — Augustabernard Red felt hat worn low in front, Watteau—high at back. Suzy.

Golf Clubs at Home

The Lord Warden Challenge Cup Tournament at Rye

(1) D. H. Martin. (2) E. E. Samuel and A. G. S. Penman. (3) S. M. Bell and G. H. Micklem. (4) Dr. H. Gardiner-Hill. (5) J. B. Beck. (6) F. S. Kendall. (7) J. L. S. Vidler and J. F. Macdonell. (8) N. R. Reeve and Captain W. Roscow. The winner of the Lord Warden Cup was W. L. Hartley, with an aggregate of 150. He beat E. E. Samuel by three strokes. G. H. Micklem was third

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(With D.W.S. Jacks)	

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F. G. L. Fairlie on Golf

A Team Against Ruritania

Left: S. Pether (England) and G. C. B. Dodds (England), competitors in the Boys' International match at Moortown. England beat Scotland by nine to three

Below: F. R. Millar (Scotland), J. D. A. Langley (England, Captain), J. Horden (England), and J. D. Hardie (Scotland, Captain), who met in the foursomes; England was victorious in every one

Boys' International Golf

SCOTLAND, as expected, came out first in the orgy of International matches promoted by the Unions, this year played at Royal Porthcawl, in Wales. All the critics seem to be of the opinion that justice has been done, and many are quite certain that Scotland not merely were the best team, but very much the best team. In fact, I see that one respected colleague remarks that, if no startling changes should occur during the coming year, we might do very much worse than send the Scottish team, as at present constituted, to America in order to represent us in the next Walker Cup match.

This suggestion is not so ridiculous as it sounds, for not only are the individual players who had the honour of representing Scotland a very fine collection of golfers, but they are also tremendously imbued with those very valuable assets—the team and the fighting spirit. During the progress of this International tournament I have amused myself by keeping a record of the individual performances of every single competitor. I have been inspired to do this by a remark made to me by an illustrious member of the American team this year, when the selection of our Walker Cup side was first announced, a remark which I have already mentioned on this page. He said, if you will remember: "What is the use of your tournaments as a guide to form?" He said it rather bitterly, for I think he felt that Great Britain had not been given, by the selectors, as good a chance as she should have had in the match.

APPOINTING myself the sole selector for an International team to represent Great Britain against Ruritania next week, I have, therefore, decided to go entirely on current form for this important match, and the results of the International tournament at Porthcawl give me the following men:

One player stands out: he is Dr. J. D. MacCormack, of Ireland, who was unbeaten and earned 93 per cent. of the total possible marks: (for your information these were two points for a win and one point for a halved match both in foursomes and singles. I have left out decimal points for convenience). Dr. MacCormack is a great personality as well as a great golfer, and I therefore have no hesitation in appointing him captain of my side, a position which he has well earned.

Four players qualify next for my team with 83 per cent., and these are three Scotsmen in J. McLean, H. Thomson, and J. E. Dawson, and one Irishman in C. Ewing. Fortunately, I have no choice to make between claimants for the last three places, for just three of them, and no more, have earned 75 per cent. These are G. B. Peters, of Scotland, T. J. Thirsk, of England, and A. A. Duncan, of Wales. It will be seen, therefore, that I am left with four Scotsmen, two Irishmen, one Englishman and one Welshman. It is rather interesting that the results should come out in this way since Scotland won the tournament and Ireland was second.

I should like, in case of accidents (Ruritania is notoriously restive) to send two reserves with the others, and for these I must choose from the following players who obtained 66 per cent. during the tournament. These are W. Campbell, J. N. Smith, and J. M. Dykes, all from Scotland; J. C. Brown, R. Simcox and W. M. O'Sullivan, all from Ireland; and Rex Hartley from England.

Two other players must come into the reckoning for these last two places, and they are A. W. Whyte, of Scotland, and A. R. Walton, of England, who both obtained 75 per cent. but only played in two out of the three matches. From this lot I unhesitatingly plump for W. Campbell, of Scotland, whom I consider to be the best of those in question, and J. C. Brown, of Ireland, largely because of his very fine performance in the Irish Open Championship recently.

IT may be argued against me that these averages are not very fair, in that the man playing at the bottom of the team has just as much chance—in fact, in some cases, a better chance—than the man playing at the top of the team, to obtain a good average, for he will not be faced with such stiff opposition. On the other hand, I do not think I am very wrong when I say that this is a negligible advantage to the lower-placed man, if it is an advantage at all. For, after all, in an International match there may be a star or two at the top, but if a man is good enough to play for his country, then they all are probably very much of a muchness. That is certainly true of the Scottish side this year, and in it lies the strength of Scotland. Actually, I do not think that one would go very far wrong with a side as selected by results and given above. It is a thoroughly sound side in every way, and although one may be slightly surprised that Ewing, of Ireland, and Duncan, of Wales, have found places, yet both of these men are likely to do well against the well-known abilities of the Ruritanian golfers, even if they find themselves against Rupert himself. The team has the great advantage of having a wise head to lead it and young men to back up their leader.

AS a final word, it is interesting to note the averages of players who have not earned their places in my side for Hentzau, but who did represent us at St. Andrews in the last Walker Cup match. Of these, Eric Fiddian could do no better than 33 per cent., H. G. Bentley only played in two matches but was unsuccessful in each one. L. G. Crawley also only played in two matches and obtained 50 per cent., and Eric McRuvie, who was dropped by Scotland for the last and all-important match against England, obtained 37 per cent. in the other two. Not very inspiring. Another notability to fail to qualify was J. Burke, of Ireland, but he did not do badly with 58 per cent. Two well-known players in Henry Howell, of Wales, and T. A. Bourn, of England, also disappointed, with 42 per cent. and 33 per cent. respectively.

This searchlight is probably slightly misleading, but . . . how many of the old faces will go to America in 1936?

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BY APPOINTMENT TO HIS MAIESTY THE KING

Down to the Sea by Air

By Charles Ward

"Flight"

The Miles "Hawk" with Gipsy Major engine. This model flies at 150 miles an hour, lands at 45, and can be bought, ready to fly away, for £750

Gloria, a well-known London mannequin, arriving at Heston by Airspeed "Courier," with models from Paris. There is now a service from the Midlands to Paris operated by London, Scottish and Provincial Airways

Queuing-Up at the Airport

BRITISH holiday-makers have discovered air-travel and every record on internal and Continental routes has been broken during the month. Regular services have had to be run in quadruplicate. Imperial Airways' traffic department had to deal with seventy-six services in one day alone, forty-four being across the Channel and thirty-two between London and the Isle of Wight. The latter service, using Spartan Cruisers, and the line to the Channel Islands have been particularly well patronised, flying to capacity every day, and the reason is not far to seek—the surface journey demands an annoying change from train to boat, and even though the sea crossing to the Isle of Wight is only by ferry-boat, the air-way is infinitely preferable. Mr. Hillman is far advanced with the construction of London's latest airport, at Stapleford Abbots, Essex. In a few weeks the ground has been prepared, hangars erected, a restaurant and large Customs shed built, enabling three lines of traffic to be dealt with simultaneously. The London-Paris service, three times a day, is being operated with the Dragon Six, which reduces the journey between the capitals to 1½ hours.

A Cosmopolitan Flying-School

HAMBLE continues to attract pilots and prospective pilots from all over the world. At any one time it is fairly certain that Scandinavians, Indians, Egyptians, even Portuguese and Greeks, may be found in the class-rooms or on the tarmac, waiting to fly. Captain L. J. Brain, chief pilot of Qantas air lines of Australia, has been taking a special instrument flying course; also Captain Neville Stack and Mr. J. E. Carberry, the former in preparation for the Melbourne Centenary Race. Most of the British competitors in this event have arranged refresher courses at the A.S.T. School, the current list of whose pupils include the names of such well-known pilots as Sir Alan Cobham and Squadron-Leader Helmore. During July a total of 1275 flying hours was logged, one day in the month accounting for no less than 71 hours. The School's first "At-Home" was a very happy affair. The arrival competition was won by Sir Rupert Brooke, and in the Concours d'Elégance Mrs. Battye was successful with her four-year-old Gipsy Moth. In the evening the new swimming-bath was opened by a water-polo match between A.S.T. and the R.A.F. from Calshot, the home team celebrating the occasion by winning by 5 goals to 1.

Opening of the Ards Airport

AN event of major importance will take place at Newtownards on Friday next, August 31st, when the first civil aerodrome for Ulster will be officially opened. An inaugural luncheon, to which private owners and others are invited, is to be given by Lord Londonderry at 1.30, and a flying programme has been arranged for the afternoon. The A.A. Air Squad will be in attendance to service visiting aircraft, which will be accommodated without charge. Visitors are invited to witness the International T.T. Race on the following day, the western boundary of the aerodrome adjoining the fastest section of the Ards circuit. The existence of the aerodrome is due to the enterprise and public spirit of Lord Londonderry, whilst its plan and construction are the work of Mr. Nigel Norman and his partners. Airwork, of Heston, will act as managers, and Flight-Lieut. Bryant is to be in charge. The school will be equipped with Avro Club Cadets, the type in use at Heston, on which Lord Londonderry, his family, and a host of people have learned to fly during the past year.

Around the Clubs in August

ALTHOUGH many regular pilots have been away on holiday, the clubs have had a busy month. Boys attending the Public Schools' Aviation Camp organised by the Norfolk and Norwich Club, represented Cranford, Shrewsbury, Taunton, Stowe, Bradley, and Rossall. The camp was in charge of Mr. H. Birchall, a master of Taunton, who qualified in the early days of the club, and the boys are being trained by Captain J. Collier. They are sleeping under canvas and dining in the club mess, whilst plenty of sport other than flying has been arranged for their benefit. The Midland Club has purchased a new Major Moth and two members have bought one of the new Klemms. At the time of going to Press, there is no news of the success of the mid-day patrol organised by the Northants Club on Sunday last. Attackers had to get through between 12.30 and 12.45, flying between 500 and 1000 feet, without being identified by the defenders. Those successful were to have drinks on the club, and with forty odd entries this may have proved rather expensive. The Hull Aero Club (1934) is now being formed to enter into an agreement with the Hull Corporation for managing the aerodrome.

Excursions for the Melbourne Race

PUBLIC interest in the race from England to Australia is beginning to take shape. Several air taxi companies have received enquiries for 'planes to carry spectators to Baghdad in order to see the pilots arrive at their first halt. Misr Airwork proposes to run a special service from Cairo for the event and those who want passages by the international air lines which stop at Baghdad, Imperial Airways from London, Air France from Paris and K.L.M. from Amsterdam, should reserve their seats without delay. It is hoped to start all competitors from Hatfield, the largest civil aerodrome with a perfect surface near London. Soon overseas competitors will arrive in England to erect and test their machines.

Miss Oriel Ross visits the London Aeroplane Club at Hatfield

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An incident during the obstacle race at the London Fire Brigade athletic meeting held at the White City Stadium. It affords the public a sense of security to think that firemen can overcome all obstacles, even though, as here, a couple of them seem to have forgotten their hose

J. H. Leighton Crawford at West Side Tennis Club, Forest Hills, U.S.A., with Miss Betty Nuthall. The former, in addition to being manager of the English team, also acts as chaperone

Sport with the Lid Off

By "Mark Over"

TAKE a dozen overs of fast leg-theory, add a suspicion of "butter fingers" from England's fielding, flavour with one of Sir Stanley Jackson's many—and piquant—statements, and leave all to simmer in public resentment.

And there you have the perfect mixture for as yellow a bit of journalism as you 'd wish to find screaming at you in the loudest of our very loud newspapers.

Really, it seems fashionable these days to set up a plaintive moan over the way England has been shaping, at one time or another, in the Test matches. Our gangster newspapermen have had a gay time of it, doing some pretty sniping at the Australians and England's Test mandarins and players.

BUT quite definitely I refuse to join in the battle. Indeed, from what I saw on the first day of the Oval Test, England—apart, it is true, from those tragic blunders which will be made by the best of fielders—played splendidly. Truth is, England's bowling was not bad; rather was it that Don Bradman and the dour-faced Ponsford were batting giants whose very magnitude made the best bowling look pretty puny.

Those of us who know a brilliant stroke from a good one will at once admit that, on their form in that tremendous stand which beat a world's record, Bradman and Ponsford stamped themselves with the label of greatness. It was not slow cricket—the timeless Test stuff so many expected—that brought them their harvest of runs on that mellow August day. Ponsford punched the ball away good and hearty, while the Don did not flow so quietly, either!

AMID all this welter of run-getting, the much-criticised England attack did splendidly. No praise is high enough for the sustained menace of Clark, the left-hand speed specialist from that Cinderella county, Northamptonshire; Clark could even puzzle those two Australian batting giants with an over or two late in the day—and this, after he had nearly bowled his head off!

By the way, it may not be generally known that Clark was, only a few seasons ago, regarded as a temperamental sort of chap. Give him a quick success or two, and, hey ho! he 'd run through a county side like pen and ink; but let a pair of batsmen hit him for a string of boundaries early on, and he 'd be liable to lose heart. Well, Clark had a spell in League cricket, and in that tough school he learned how to keep on pegging away against the best of bowling heart-breakers.

HOWEVER, that 's enough about the Test just now, for most of us, I think, are much more vitally interested in the curtain going up on football. Well, by this time we 've had the start of "Soccer," with the usual crop of early surprises, due, of course, to many players not having quite found their football legs, as it were.

This should be a great season all round. Right away, I think of the challenge which such clubs as Aston Villa, with their £11,000 centre-half in the loose-limbed Allen, and Huddersfield Town are likely to make against the Arsenal.

BUT, even more interesting than the First Division Championship race, is the playing policy of Fulham, the Second Division club. Mr. James Hogan, the manager whom Fulham brought back from Continental coaching work, has decided to scrap the very fashionable "third back" game. Indeed, Fulham are to revert to the

G. Clark (Grange), who, from his expression, really enjoyed throwing the hammer at the Highland Gathering at Princess Royal Park, Duff House, Banff

J. W. Rinkel, the famous Olympic runner, leaving St. Peter's, Burnham, Bucks, after his marriage to Miss Elizabeth St. Clair Nott, daughter of the Rev. and Mrs. Percy Pleydell Nott

Gregory (Surrey), England's twelfth man, and McMurray (Surrey), who took the places in the field of Ames and Bowes, both taken ill, during the Test match at the Oval. Both fielded well, and McMurray's speed and certainty was compared favourably even with the lightning pick-up and return of Don Bradman

old-time plan of playing an attacking centre-half.

This idea should please the fellow who pays the money that keeps football on the go. Too often have we seen matches which have become nothing more than wars of attrition, with each side hoping against hope to get a snap goal and then sit on the lead by dogged defence. Now, that isn't the idea of the game to my mind; what I, and I daresay you, have been wanting to see is the spectacle of five forwards up in a line, with the centre-half helping to initiate attacks. Blood-stirring football that—a sight better than some of the soulless sort of stuff we 've seen of late years.

And here is Fulham bringing back some of the old glory of the game. Will it pay them to throw everything into attack? A difficult question, and one that can only be answered by Fulham's playing record in the campaign now on us.

TALKING tactically, let me say, too, how I hope to see "Rugger" get away a bit from that everlasting kick, kick, kick, sort of stuff we 've had served up to us. Ever since Osler came along with the South Africans to exploit the punt, we 've been seeing half-backs in our club fifteens following his example.

Osler made the punt pay. But, I ask you, is an attack that depends very much on the luck of the bounce of a ball—and a "Rugger" ball seems to be possessed with more than a smattering of original sin—good to watch? I refuse to believe so; and thus I am hoping, though it may again be in vain, that we shall see a return to the attack engineered by a handling movement.

What finer sight is there than a set of threes streaming away down field, with the ball flashing from hand to hand? And yet, the punt persists to be in favour! It isn't good enough; in fact, it is throttling all the life and colour out of the game.

ONLY a week or so ago I wrote of the absence of open-air fight shows during the glorious evenings we 've been having. I said, too, that we could expect a number of these under-the-sky contests just when the overcoat nights set in. Well, here we are getting details of a fight between Nel Tarleton, our feather-weight champion, and Freddie Miller, the world's title-holder at the weight, on the Liverpool football ground at Anfield.

The contest is to be staged on the first day of September, and, so far as one can gather thus early, Miller's championship will be at stake. A very colourful fighter is this little American, but I fancy that Tarleton has a splendid chance of beating him. Since he did a fight tour overseas, the British boy has gained in aggression, as was seen when he regained his title from the stout-hearted Seaman Tommy Watson a while back. More important, though, he has not lost any of his ability as a stylist—and Tarleton has always been a good man to watch, possessing, as he does, a splendid left hand.

Miller, by the way, is recognised as world champion by the American National Boxing Association, so that, should Tarleton defeat him, the British boxer will at least be regarded as the title-holder *in most parts of the world!* I say this advisedly, for how often have we seen two or three boxers claiming calmly that they are world champions—and, let me say, getting their claims supported somewhere or another.

I AM asked to state that the West of England Open Amateur Golf Championship is fixed for September 5th to 8th, and is open to Amateur Members of a recognised Golf Club who will play by Match Play from Scratch. Entries (with Entrance Fee, One Guinea) must reach the Secretary, Burnham & Berrow Golf Club, Burnham, Somerset, not later than Sept. 3rd. There will be other competitions on Sept. 3rd and 4th, and competitors will be made Temporary Members of the Club for the week.

Deserting the club for the racket, Cyril Tolley is seen coming off the courts at Minehead, where he has been competing in the lawn tennis tournament

H. S. Burrows, the Lawn Tennis Champion of Yorkshire, with Miss B. Mitchell, to whom he is engaged, and Miss M. E. Rudd, woman Champion of Yorkshire

A quartette above: Mme. Maurice Solvay, Lady Patricia Latham, Miss Joy Cunningham, and Miss Freda Scott

A Hardy Annual

The Yorkshire Lawn Tennis Tournament at Scarborough

Sir George Sitwell, President of the Yorkshire Lawn Tennis Club, Scarborough, R. Turnbull and M. Bhandari. Scarborough used to be a favourite meeting with the famous Dohertys

Miss Joan Hartigan of Australia and Miss C. M. Burrows, competitors at the Scarborough Lawn Tennis Tournament, one of the oldest in the country

Above: C. E. Hare, the promising left-handed Warwickshire player, and Miss J. Lucas

Left: A. S. Horsley, Mrs. Horsley, Miss J. Mowbray-Green, and D. C. Freshwater, also competed in this event

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by

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A view of the Branksome Tower Hotel at Bournemouth, showing the restaurant on the right. The path on the left leads down through the grounds to the private bathing promenade and sea. This famous hotel, most beautifully situated, is very definitely Mayfair by the Sea, and is noted for its distinguished clientèle, which includes Royalty

A Travel Note

There can be no doubt that the present is the time for a visit to Germany. Prices have been reduced all round, travel facilities have been improved enormously under the Hitler régime, and it is the policy of the present German Government to encourage tourism as much as possible. Germans everywhere have a warm welcome for visitors from this country, and with its great variety of scenery—sea-coast that is splendid for bathing, moorland landscapes, undulating, wooded country, lakes and rivers, and Alpine highlands, Germany has something to offer for every taste. And then there are to be seen the romantic mediæval towns of Rothenburg, Nördlingen, and Dinkelsbühl; the old-world and very picturesque city of Nuremburg, birthplace of Albrecht Dürer, and famed for its toys, Hans Sachs, and the Meistersingers; Bayreuth, where there is a splendid festival of music this summer; Dresden, the German Florence; Weimar, where Goethe lived; Frankfurt, where he was born; Heidelberg, and its famous University and fascinating castle; Freiburg, and its Gothic tower of unrivalled beauty; historic Goslar, in the Harz Mountains; Baden-Baden, a renowned spa and centre for the Black Forest; Munich, the home of magnificent architecture, and a fine centre for exploring the Bavarian Highlands; Oberammergau and its Tercentenary Passion Play; and last, but by no means least, for it is one of the largest and most interesting of the cities of Europe, Berlin, where you will find so many attractions of an all-round nature that you will certainly wish to prolong your stay there.

Lord Mottistone and his daughter, the Hon. Louïsa Seely, outside the golf club at Bad Ems

The "Bystander's"

LADIES' AUTUMN FOURSOMES

(13th Year) Ranelagh, October 9th, 10th, 11th and 12th, 1934

and

LADIES' ROEHAMPTON FOURSOMES

(10th Year) Roehampton, October 9th, 10th, 11th and 12th, 1934

By kind invitation of the respective clubs.

RANELAGH: Challenge Cups and replicas to winners, prizes to runners-up and semi-finalists.
ROEHAMPTON: Prizes to winners, runners-up and semi-finalists.

CONDITIONS

Entries, made on the accompanying entrance form, will be received up to Wednesday, September 19th, *without limit of number or handicap, and will be acknowledged by post card. Such acknowledgement does not necessarily mean that the entrants will be entitled to play.*

On September 19th the 128 couples with the lowest joint handicaps will be drawn to play in the match play tournament at Ranelagh; playing limit for any couple, 18. The 128 couples with the next lowest joint handicaps will be drawn to play in the match play tournament at Roehampton; playing limit for any couple, 30. The remaining couples will be placed in order of their joint handicaps on a waiting list from which vacancies will be filled. In the case of two or more couples having the same handicap, priority of entry will decide their order.

If more than 256 couples enter, vacancies caused by withdrawals in the Autumn Foursomes at Ranelagh will be filled by the lowest handicap couples in the Roehampton Foursomes: vacancies in the Roehampton Foursomes by the lowest handicap couples on the waiting list. Should there be no waiting list, walk-overs will be given to the opponents in whichever tournament the scratching occurs.

Reductions of handicap should be notified at once to Miss Helme.

Pairs who have reached any BYSTANDER Foursomes final during 1933 or 1934, whether Autumn, Northern, Scottish or Roehampton, will, if entering together, have the option of being put into the Ranelagh draw whatever their handicap, but cannot play on more than the limit of 18. Such entries should be clearly marked *Finalists*, and the entrants *must* state in which tournament they wish to play.

Entries will be accepted from foreign competitors at their home handicaps if they have no L.G.U. handicaps.

Both foursomes will be played as match play tournaments under ¾ths of the difference in combined handicaps, limited as above. Halved matches to be played to a finish, strokes, if any, being taken at the same holes as in a complete round.

Competitors may choose their own partners, and in the event of the original partner failing may substitute another up to the time play starts, *if they notify Miss Helme* of the change.

The Directors of the BYSTANDER reserve to themselves the right to accept or reject any entry and to alter or amend any of these conditions. The decision of the Golf Editor is final on all points.

ENTRANCE FORM

Ranelagh and Roehampton, 1934 **No entrance fee**

To be sent to Miss E. E. Helme, THE BYSTANDER Office, 346, Strand, London, W.C.2, not later than Wednesday, September 19th.

Ladies' Autumn Foursomes—
Ranelagh, October 9th, 10th, 11th and 12th

Roehampton Foursomes—
Roehampton, October 9th, 10th, 11th and 12th

(PLEASE PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS)

Please enter
Mrs. / *Miss* ..... *of* ..... *Club*

L.G.U. Handicap .....

Home Address ..... *Telephone No.* .....

To play in whichever of the above Foursomes she is eligible for by handicap with her partner

Mrs. / *Miss* ..... *of* ..... *Club*

L.G.U. Handicap .....

Home Address ..... *Telephone No.* .....

Any alteration of partner or handicap, change of address or telephone number to be notified at once, please, to Miss Helme at the above address

All entries for the BYSTANDER *Monthly Medal Competition must be accompanied by the coupon which appears in any issue of the* BYSTANDER *during the current month.* Coupons must be attached to the cards *signed by the Hon. Sec. of the club, who must certify the scratch score of the course, and be addressed to the Golf Editor of the* BYSTANDER, 346, Strand, W.C.2, *to reach her not later than the first day of the following month.*

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY

THE "BYSTANDER" GOLF COUPON AUGUST

Name *Mrs.* / *Miss* .....

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Entered as second-class mail matter at the New York (N.Y.) Post Office. American Agents: International News Company, New York.
Sole Agents for South Africa: Central News Agency, Limited.

The "Bystander's" Guide to London Amusements

THE THEATRE

Plays

CLIVE OF INDIA.—Colin Keith-Johnstone as Clive and Gillian Lind as his wife in a historical drama with plenty of good scenes and action; an excellent holiday play: Savoy, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

FAMILY AFFAIRS.—Lilian Braithwaite, Athene Seyler, Mary Glynne, Gyles Isham, and Jack Livesey in Gertrude Jennings' comedy: Ambassadors, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

FRENCH SALAD.—Hilda Trevelyan as the mother of a family hit by the slump; Leonora Corbett as her daughter-in-law, Vera Lennox, Ellen Pollock, A. R. Whatmore, and Aubrey Dexter as some more of the family: Royalty, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

LIBEL!—A legal play that's as tense as most crook stuff, with Leon M. Lion as a K.C., Malcolm Keen and Doris Lytton: Playhouse, 8.40. Wed., Sat., 2.40.

LIVING DANGEROUSLY.—First-class entertainment, including a good trial scene with the Medical Council; Godfrey Tearle as the doctor-hero, Martin Walker as the villain, Carol Goodner as the wife: Strand, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

THE MAITLANDS.—John Gielgud is an unhappy schoolmaster, Stephen Haggard his pupil, Jack Hawkins the actor-brother, Catherine Lacey the sister, and Dame May Whitty as the foolish mother in Ronald Mackenzie's uneven play about an English family of seaside dwellers: Wyndham's, 8.40. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

MEN IN WHITE.—A vividly real and moving play about doctors at work; the story runs on the choice of a young surgeon (Robert Douglas) between his career and his fiancée (Jill Esmond); Lewis Casson admirable as a specialist and teacher: Lyric, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

QUEEN OF SCOTS.—Gwen ffrangçon-Davies is charmingly forward, but without fire, as Mary; Laurence Olivier is good-looking for the rough Bothwell; Glyn Byam-Shaw a petulant Darnley; this is history interestingly painted on a drawing-room canvas: New, 8.30. Tues., Thurs., 2.30.

SIXTEEN.—A play as delightfully acted as written, about a girl (Anna Burden), who resents the marriage of her mother (Fabia Drake) to a second husband (Owen Nares): Criterion, 8.30. Tues., Thurs., 2.30.

SOUR GRAPES.—An excellent comedy on the theme that love between husband and wife must fade; Constance Cummings as the wife, Nicholas Hannen as the husband, and Roger Livesey as the lover, all act supremely well: Apollo, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE TEMPEST: Open Air Theatre, Regent's Park, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

TOUCH WOOD.—Ian Hunter as the middle-aged husband, Dorothy Hyson as the girl who gives him a glimpse of renewed youth, Marie Ney as the unselfish wife, in C. L. Anthony's comedy: Haymarket, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE WIND AND THE RAIN.—A charming and light-hearted story of student life in Edinburgh, with Robert Harris and Celia Johnson playing sweethearts, and occasionally in a minor key: St. Martin's, 8.30. Mon., Tues., Fri., 2.30.

With Music

BLACKBIRDS OF 1934.—An all-black revue, "A Harlem Rhapsody"; the principals are Edith Wilson, Peggy Bates, Martha Thomas, Tom Moore: Coliseum, 2.30 and 8.30.

MR. WHITTINGTON.—Musical comedy, with Jack Buchanan as its gay mainstay, and Elsie Randolph, Alfred Drayton, and Fred Emney as its further supports: Hippodrome, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

SHE SHALL HAVE MUSIC.—A light musical play, with Viola Tree, Rita Page, Reginald Purdell, Kenneth Kove, and some more: Saville, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

SPORTING LOVE.—A new, all-laughing success, with Stanley Lupino as king laughter-maker, Laddie Cliff as his dancing clown-chamberlain, and Vera Bryer, Jennie Dean, and Marjorie Brown as the girls: Gaiety, 8.30. Tues., Thurs., 2.30.

WHY NOT TO-NIGHT?—The Nelson Keys revue continues; the stars include Hermione Baddeley, Greta Nissen, the Diamond Brothers, Polly Luce: Vaudeville 8.30. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

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Mirth and Mystery

ADMIRALS ALL.—Laura La Plante, as a film star, gets involved with Chinese pirates and British admirals in the new Ian Hay-King Hall comedy; Clive Currie, Frank Cellier, and Aubrey Mather represent the Navy: Shaftesbury, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

LABURNUM GROVE.—Edmund Gwenn as the family-man who may or may not be a crook, and Mary Jerrold as his wife, in J. B. Priestley's entertaining mystery-comedy: Queen's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30. Last weeks.

THE PRIVATE ROAD.—John Tilley gloriously funny as an amorous ex-schoolmaster, Edwin Styles neatly humorous as his rival, Dorothy Dickson as the attractive rose between two thorns: Comedy, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

QUEER CARGO.—Adventures on a tramp steamer in the China Seas; Drusilla Wills is the girl; Franklin Dyall, Barry Livesey, and Robert Hale as some of the men: Piccadilly, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

TEN-MINUTE ALIBI.—A dream inspired the murderer, and putting back the clock nearly saved his skin; Bernard Lee is the hero: Phœnix, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

VINTAGE WINE.—Seymour Hicks carries the play by being his inimitable self as the gay grandfather who marries a young wife (Clair Luce); Julia Neilson excellent as his mother: Daly's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

First Night

NAPOLEON.—Edward Chapman is Napoleon, Margaret Rawlings is Josephine, Vernon Sylvaine is Wellington, and Eric Portman is Murat, in Alfred Sangster's play: Embassy, September 3rd.

CINEMAS

A CUP OF KINDNESS.—The Tom Walls-Ralph Lynn farce is good nonsense for the holidays: Marble Arch Pavilion.

BLOSSOM TIME.—Richard Tauber's first British picture; the singer is supported in this romantic piece by Jane Baxter, Athene Seyler, Carl Esmond, Paul Graetz, and a lot more: Regal.

CHU CHIN CHOW.—Oscar Asche's five-year success has Anna May Wong, George Robey, and Fritz Kortzner in its screen version: Tivoli.

CLEOPATRA.—Claudette Colbert as the lovely Egyptian, Henry Wilcoxon as Marc Antony, and Warren Williams as Julius Cæsar; the production is Cecil B. de Mille, and stupendous: Carlton.

THE CIRCUS CLOWN.—A comedy with Joe E. Brown and Patricia Ellis: Capitol.

ELMER AND ELSIE.—George Bancroft and Frances Fuller in a domestic drama. GIVE ME A RING—British musical comedy picture: Plaza.

HAPPY EVER AFTER.—A revival of the cheerful film in which Lilian Harvey played with Jack Hulbert and Cicely Courtneidge; also the première of Paul Rotha's RISING TIDE: Curzon.

LITTLE FRIEND.—Nova Pilbeam, a brilliant child-actor, as the daughter of unhappy parents (Matheson Lang and Lydia Sherwood) in an interesting and moving film: New Gallery.

MAEDCHEN IN UNIFORM.—This brilliant film is revived for one week, to September 1st: Academy.

100% PURE.—The new Jean Harlow picture; the blonde has Lionel Barrymore, Franchot Tone, and Lewis Stone to test the percentage: Empire.

MUSIC

PROMENADE CONCERTS.—Sir Henry Wood conducting the B.B.C. Orchestra: Queen's Hall, 8.

To-night: Haydn-Mozart concert, with Harriet Cohen as pianist, Thelma Reiss as 'cellist, and Elsie Suddaby and Heddle Nash singing.

Aug. 29th: Brahms' concert; Albert Sammons plays the Violin Concerto in D.

Aug. 30th: *Daily Telegraph* Competition Overtures, followed by Prokofiev, Borodin, Handel, and Berlioz.

Aug. 31st: Beethoven concert, including the 7th Symphony, and Howard-Jones playing the Piano Concerto in D.

Sept. 1st: Strauss concert, including Don Juan and Don Quixote; Lamond is the pianist in Burlesque.

Sept. 3rd: Wagner concert: pianist, Isabel Gray; singers, Tatiana Makushina and Arthur Fear.

DANCING AND DINING

In London

BLUE TRAIN.—Evening dress in the restaurant, any dress in the grill; Billy Gerhardi's band plays for both; extension night, Tuesday.

CAFÉ ANGLAIS.—Walsh and Baker, entertainers at the piano; Reginald Foresythe and his band play: extension night, Friday.

CAFÉ DE LA PAIX.—"Frivolities of 1934" at midnight; Dare Lea's band. In the grill-room, *Chez Nous*, Queenie Leonard and Edward Cooper entertain.

DORCHESTER HOTEL.—"Les Girls" in a special summer show; Teddy Joyce and his band do a cabaret turn, as well as play for dancing: extension night, Thursday.

GROSVENOR HOUSE.—The Grosvenor Gaieties dance and sing at dinner and supper; Syd Lipton's band: extension night, Thursday.

QUAGLINO'S.—Walsh and Baker hold the fort as holiday entertainers: Van Straten's band plays: extension, Wednesday.

PICCADILLY.—Mary and Erik, dance skaters; Stetson, the man with the hat; Ray and Geoffrey Espinosa, ballroom dancers: extension, Friday.

ROMANO'S.—Authentically Bohemian: the cabaret is an all-dancing one.

Out of London

ACE OF SPADES, Kingston By-Pass.—Swimming all night; dancing till 3 a.m. to Percy Chandler's band; cabaret on Saturday.

ACE OF SPADES, Great West Road.—The new large swimming-pool is now open; restaurant.

ANGMERING COURT CLUB, Sussex.—Sea-bathing, golf, riding, tennis, and dancing at week-ends; excellent food; one can stay at the Club.

ANNE BOLEYN, on the left, over the bridge at Staines.—The restaurant is in a delightful old-world house; the swimming-bath is fitted with up-to-date filtration.

BELL HOUSE, Beaconsfield.—Swimming, sun-bathing, and dancing in the pleasant restaurant. Licensed till 11.30 p.m. on week-days.

CHATEAU BLEU CLUB, Maidenhead.—Swimming in the pool; boatin' on the river; tennis; dancing every evening.

DOWNS HOTEL, Hassocks, Sussex.—A place to stay as well as drop in; Sussex Downs scenery. There's a Restorium with artificial sunlight treatment to supplement heat-waves.

EMPIRE POOL, Wembley Stadium.—England's first "waving-bath," where one can swim and dive daily from 7 a.m. to midnight for 1s.

GAY ADVENTURE, Esher.—Swimming in the sterilised and warmed pool; sun-bathing in the lovely garden; dancing to Tony Eldridge's band.

HAUTBOY HOTEL, Ockham, Surrey.—Old-world garden; good food in the unique dining-room; best cocktails on the road; no swimming.

HIND'S HEAD, Bray-on-Thames.—The food and wine are unique—a gourmet's dream—and "mine host," Barry Neame, has an eye on all the comforts of his guests.

HOWARD PARK, Aston Clinton, Bucks.—The old home of the Rothschilds: swimming, dancing on Saturday, riding, tennis, special arrangements for guests arriving by aeroplane.

HUNGARIA RIVER CLUB, Maidenhead.—Swimming and sun-bathing; dancing; Douglas Byng and the Western Brothers will be appearing in the cabaret.

MARTIN'S SWIMMING POOLS, Wokingham.—A most attractive place to swim, which is slightly more expensive (2s. 6d.) on Sundays, from 3 p.m. Light refreshments.

MOORLANDS HOTEL, Hindhead.—Good food and service in peaceful surroundings; lovely position and wonderful air; no dancing or swimming.

SHOW BOAT, Maidenhead.—Swimming; dancing to Jack Allan's band from Great Fosters. Special attractions on Saturdays.

SPINNING WHEEL, and ST. CROSS HOTEL, Hoddesdon, Herts.—Beautiful grounds; the food is good; swimming, and the pool has specially filtered water.

PLAYER'S

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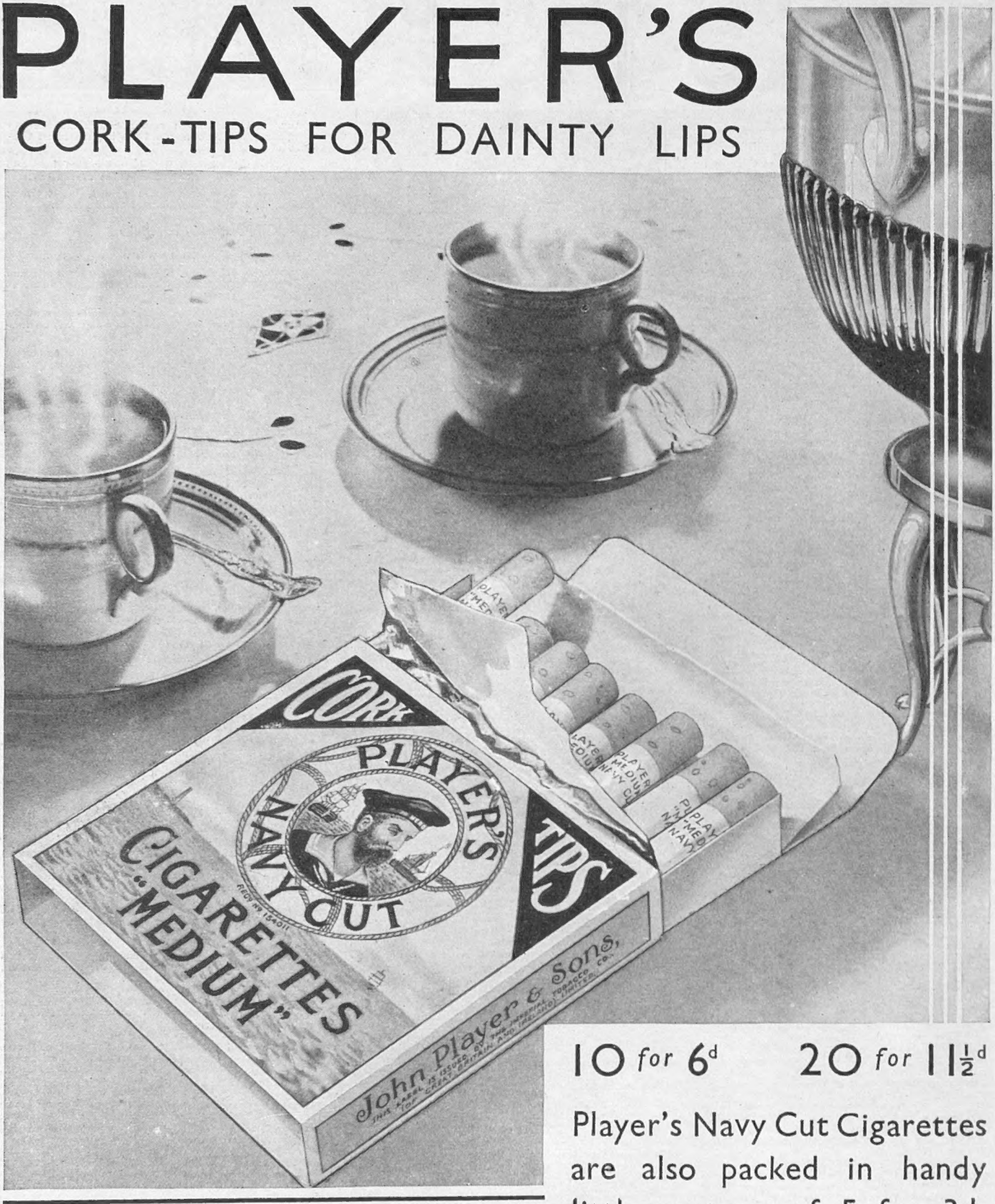

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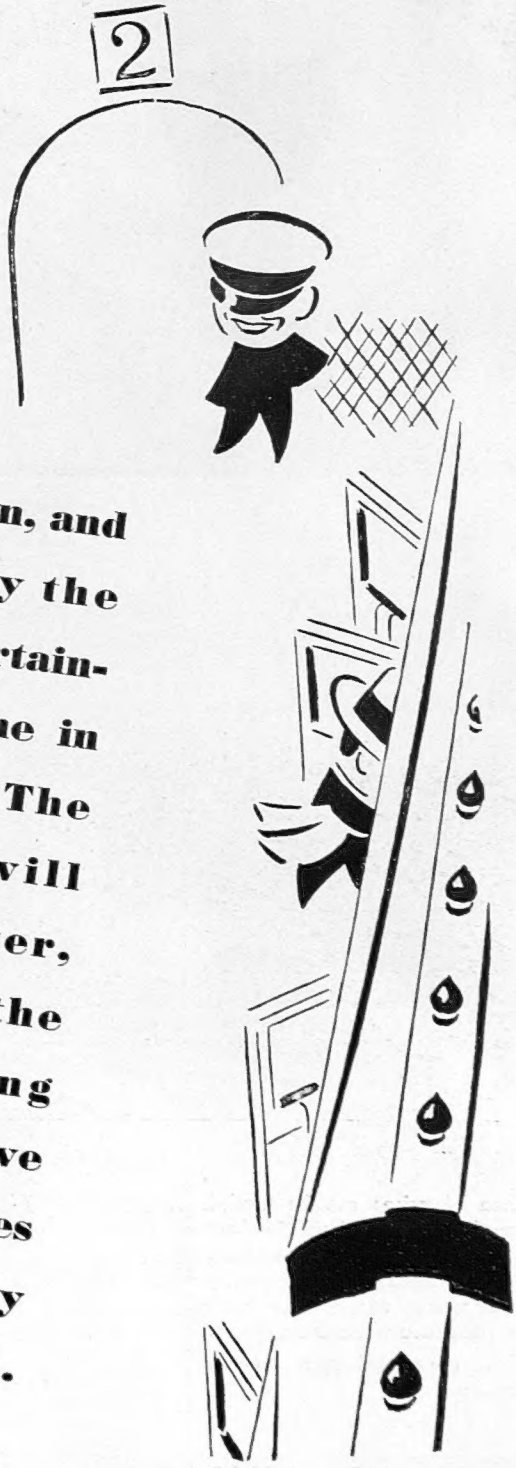

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Guy Fawkes becomes *Guy the Enthusiastic*

Duggie: "Well, Mr. Fawkes, what can I do for you?"

Guy: "I know a very hot thing for the big event on the fifth—the November Meeting at Westminster. But I want it kept strictly secret."

Duggie: "You sound a bit of a dark horse, Guy. I'm afraid you're a Fawkes in sheep's clothing."

Guy: "Listen, Duggie, you may think I'm crackers, but this is a great idea. You know all the Parliamentary candidates will be entered. Well, I want to back GUNPOWDER to beat the lot. I've been training it in secret. Now, what odds will you lay me?"

Duggie: "Anything you like! A squib to a barrel of gunpowder, and I'll take your instructions right up to the 'off'."

Guy: "Splendid! I'll call round for my winnings when the affair has blown over."

Duggie: "Wouldn't you like them sooner? I'll post them to-night—then you can go off with a free mind."

Guy: "A thousand thanks. I know the whole affair is touch and go, but this makes me really enthusiastic."

Duggie: "Well, good-bye Guy, you old son of a gun. Don't come back and blow me up if anything goes wrong."

Guy: "Don't worry. I tell you this thing will go with a bang."

Duggie: "You evidently intend to set the Thames on fire!"

Even historians can be carried away by their enthusiasm! But there remains the historical *fact* that the House of Stuart was founded nearly half-a-century ago, and has now over ten thousand satisfied clients. Write to-day and open a credit account.

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